

MONSTERLAND

ENEMY MINE—UNSEEN PICTURES!

REBATE
GET YOUR
MONEY BACK
SEE PAGE 47

FORREST J ACKERMAN'S

MONSTER

LAND™

CREATURE INVASION

CATCH THEM
BEFORE THEY
CATCH YOU!

AN EARLY LOOK AT THE NEW
INVAOERS FROM MARS

EXCLUSIVE EXCERPTS FROM
THE
GOOZILLA
BOOK

THE
FLY
FLIES AGAIN

TREMBLE ONCE MORE WITH
PETER LORRE

CREATING THE
KILLBOTS

PLUS NEWS, VIDEOS,
FEARBOOK AND MORE!



EDITORIAL

Finally, a blood-drenched podium from which to pour forth my sinister ideas. The Ackermonger is tied up (and would you believe it took three ropes, two chains and a cast iron ball to hold him!) and the publisher is buried under a pile of paperwork (Dumping three truckloads on him did the trick!). They'll never get loose again—so you might just as well cut out all that noise and struggling back there—and I'll never give up my power!

Yes, dear reader, now you can finally learn the truth about *Monsterland*! For a year now the editor and publisher of this magazine have pretended that they create the terror-pecked visuals and the fearfilled words which pulse throughout every issue. They even go so far as to make up the names of "writers" on almost every piece. But tell the truth, did you really think that people with names such as Ron Magid—sounds like something straight out of Transylvania—Paul Davids—so nice and ordinary sounding, but why two first names?—James Van Hise—awful close to Ven Helsing isn't it?—could actually exist? You must have figured out long ago that the stories were really coming from some other "soul," someone who knew *Monsterland* as if they lived there. Because they do!

The truth is out. I have penned every horror that has been jammed into all of the issues you have read and they are all true. What you thought were movies are actually documentaries of the lives of my neighbors. I am camera-shy so I write the stories and take the photographs instead of appearing in the flesh—and I use that term quite loosely. Now that I am openly talking directly to you, the entranced reader, I may even appear. But then again I may be merciful and never let you see what I look like, who you are dealing with. Wait, what's that noise? I've got to run, Forry's trying to break loose...

—EVILA

The Big Guy's Back!

36



Even Dennis Quaid wants to see our special pictures from *Enemy Mine*

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FORREST J ACKERMAN'S MONSTER LAND

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FANTASY FILMARQUEE



Does ol' Evila have news for you! Don't listen to those nay-sayers who claim that Hollywood's love affair with blood and thunder is reaching its end because 1988 has just as many twisted tales in the offing as dearly departed '85 did. Science fiction and fantasy isn't down for the count yet!

Video Communication Inc.'s videotape release of Don Dohler's *THE GALAXY INVADER*, an Entertainment Group Production.

Richard Ruxton (hidden behind creature), George Stover and Don Leifert prepare to capture the Alien (Glenn Barnes) in Don Dohler's THE GALAXY INVADER.

Photo by Greg Dohier

Hers's a fistful (in probable order of release) of what this year will serve up for all you rbsid fantasy freaks!
The Toxic Avenger—This 1984 film about a Charlas Atlas reject who gargles nuclear waste and becomes a weirdo superhero will finally escape into America's heartland.

Aurora Encounter—In 1897, an alien is befriended by 3 kids who hide him from a government agent. Sound familiar? Features Jack Elam, Peter Brown and Spenny (Far Gang) McFarland in search of a fat farm. (New World Pictures)

Ble-Hazard—Fred Olen (*I'll keep making movies 'till I get it right*) Ray unleashes an alien on Aldo Ray. (21st Century).

The Boy Who Could Fly—Nick Costis (who showed he knew how to imitate Spielberg camera set-ups in *The Last Starfighter*) tells a story about an autistic boy who believes he can fly and proves it by humming like an airplane. With Lucy Deekins, Fred Savage, Bonnie Bedelle and all your favorite stars. (Fox)

Deadtime Stories—Old bedtime stories get goosed in this black comedy horror trilogy which does numbers on "Goldilocks," "Red Riding Hood" and "Tales of the Black Forest" (Bedford Entertainment).

The Doll—Stuart (Weit 'til you see what the head does this time) Gordon follows up *The Roommate* with this delightful tale of a family taking refuge in an old mansion where their hosts make dumdadadumdadum...) dolls (Empire Pictures)(of course).

Ghost Warrior—A Samurai warrior, frozen in a glacier, defrosts in modern El Lay and proceeds to turn the extras into sushi. Starring Hiroshi Fujioka, "the Don Johnson of Japan!" Spe foni (Empire Pictures)(of course).

The Go-Bots Movie—Just when you thought it was safe to go to the movies, the robot cartoon invasion from Saturday morning takes over as Tonke Toys makes a bid to unload a warehouse full of robots with this feature length toy commercial. (Atlantic)

The Highlander—Clency Brown and Christopher Lambert are deathless adversaries who choose modern day New York for their showdown. (Fox)

Killbots—Don't read this, read Ron Magid's article in this very issue of *Monsterland* about robot security guards using robot fu on their employers. (Concord/Cinema Group)

The Krays—A strange gss escapes from a lost censter near a lovers' lane

and people start acting weird but nobody notices the difference. (Tri-Star)

Monster in the Closet—The first gay rights monster flick. With Clouds (what happened to my career after Lobe) Atkins, Howard Duff, Henry Gibson, John Cerradine, Jesse Whits, Paul Dooley and Stelle Stevens. (Troms)

Nemada—A tale of deathliness, supernatural beings who can only be seen by their intended victims. Lesley-Anne Down, Piers Brosnan, Adam Ant! (Atlantic)

Pleasure Planet—Albert ("When are they gonna' release *Reductive Drama?*") Pyn about rock 'n roll aliens. (Empire)

Star Crystal—An expedition to Mars has a team member who pockets a rock which has a tiny alien whatzit in it that grows up real fast and wants to pig out on humankind. (New World)

Alien—Sigourney Weaver returns to the scene of the slime in this sequel to 1979's mega-hit monster mash *Alien*. Fresh from *The Terminator*, the film's writer/director is James Cameron who's serving up a whole platterful of alien nasties for Sigourney to greggip with. Features Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen. (Fox)

Big Trouble in Little China—Director John (Starman, Christine, The Thing) Carpenter and actor Kurt (Don't ask to see my Clint Eastwood impression) Russell reteam on this mystical action-adventure-comedy-kung fu-monster-ghost story about the seven hells beneath Chinatown and a young woman who is kidnapped and taken there to meet monsters and the 2,000 year old man. Kim (Farky's) Cstrall, Jemee Hong, Victor Wong. Scripted by W.D. Richter. (Fox)

The Fly—David Cronenberg cowrote and directs this remake of the 1958 Vincent Price thriller about a scientist who plays ecrembled etoms with a fly. Jeff Goldblum, Geens Davis, John Getz (Fox)

Fight of the Navigator—A 12 year old boy returns to earth after 6 years spent with aliens and finds that he hasn't aged, but his friends are all older. Directed by Randal Kleiser. (Buena Vista)

Howard the Duck—Steve Gerber's Howard the Duck comes to the screen under the Lucofilms banner. Oddly enough, it's a live-action comedy with Lea Thompson, Jeffrey Jones, Tim Robbins. Directed by Willard (I wrote *Beet Damana*) Huyck. (Universal)

Hypar Sapiana—There's teenagers

from outer space on the loose in this comedy adventures directed by Peter Hunt. With Sydney Penny and Keenen Wynn.

Labyrinth—A fantasy adventures directed by Jim Hanson and executive produced by George Lucas. Features David Bowie as the evil ruler of the Labyrinth. (Tri-Star)

Legend—The Ridley Scott directed 30 million dollar fantasy featuring Tom Cruise and Tim Curry. Tentatively set for an April release in this country with the original Jerry Goldsmith score bootied out and replaced by Tangerine Dream. (Universal).

Maximum Overdrive—Directed by Stephen King based on his short story "Trucks." Stars Emilio Estevez. (DeLaurentis)

Poltaroglet II: The Other Side—The Freleng's move into another house but something is following them, and it lives in another dimension. Monster designs by H.R. Giger. (MGM/UA)

Vamp—A bunch of college guys sn-counter isles in the After Dark Club who have been around for centuries. (New World)

Dream Demons—Monsters from another dimension. (21st Century)

Robots Rule—It's men versus machine when a lady gets involved with a robot ranch hand in this futuristic western. (New World)

Spellcaster—A Merlin-like wizard gives magic lessons in an old Roman castle. (Empire)

Tast Tube Taana From the Year 2000—Teens from the Eighties hibernate until 2001 when teens have reverted to Fifties mannerisms and find themselves on a "female farm" where the young ladies pine about finding Mr. Right. (Empire)(who else)

Battarisa Not Included—It was too good for *Amazing Stories* (but then almost anything is) and so they decided to make it into a feature film about young boys and flying saucers. Matthew Robbins directs. (Universal)

King Kong Lives!—The director of the 1976 version, John Guillermin, returns to direct this return of the men in the monster cult. (DeLaurentis)

Spider-Man—The Marvel Comics character comes to the wide screen and the results are anybody's guess. (Cannon)

Star Trek IV—The crew of *The Enterprise* return and Lonerd Nimoy directs. Coming for X-Mas. (Paramount)

MOVIES

PREVIEWED

makeup designed by John Baucher



Early in 1984, producer Stuart Cornfeld was approached by screenwriter Charlee Edward Pogue (*Psycho III*) with the idea of remaking the 1958 sci fi shocker *The Fly*. Not only did Cornfeld respond with enthusiasm, but he came up with a completely new concept. "It's a whole new approach," says Cornfeld. "The original film had a great premise but didn't do it justice. Instead of a transference of heads between the man and the fly, the remake is about a complete metamorphosis."

The original story was built upon the unfortunate mixup of human and insect atoms during their transmission through space. The idea was a strong one, and spawned two sequels—*Return of the Fly* (1960) and *Curas of the Fly* (1964).

Although the current remake began preproduction in Great Britain in January of last year, a tragic family accident forced that attempt's director to bow out and the production to close down. Cornfeld, long an admirer of Canadian David (Stanners, *Videodrome*, *The Dead Zone*), Cronenberg, offered him the helm. Although Cronenberg initially declined (he thought a remake would not be challenging enough for him), his mind was changed when he read the script. "I was really impressed because it was a complete reconceptualization of the basic premise of the original," Cronenberg recalls. "I found that very exciting and fascinating."

After adding his own touches to the script, Cronenberg signed on. Recalling seeing the original *Fly* as a youngster, the director says, "At the time, there was a \$500 reward if you could prove that the transference of heads between the man and the fly couldn't happen. Well, it never explained how the heads changed sizes, and that always bothered me." The young Cronenberg was so disturbed, it seems, that he complained to an usher at the theatre. "I told him it couldn't happen. Where did all the extra molecules and atoms come from

to make a big fly head, as opposed to the normal-size fly head? If they really exchanged heads, there should be a tiny fly head on the big human body."

His astute observation did not win Cronenberg the \$500. "So I figure *The Fly* owes me," he grins. "Part of the rethink of this version takes care of that objection. When the man and the fly are transmitted from one booth to the other, the fly disappears and the man seems all right. There has been a genetic fusion, and gradually the man is transformed into a fly."

Preproduction commenced last autumn, with principal photography beginning on the first of December in Toronto. Cronenberg brought in director of photography Mark Irwin, production designer Carol Spier and editor Ron Sanders, all of whom had worked on his previous five films. Cornfeld supplied some first-rate special fx people, including optical effects consultant Harold Michelson (who worked with Alfred Hitchcock on *The Birds*) and special makeup effects artist Chris (Bremlins, *Enemy Mine*) Weiss. The cast stars Jeff Goldblum as the flyman and Geena Davis as his girlfriend. The two last costarred together in *Transylvania 6-5000*.

Also featured, of course, are a lot of flies. The production offices accepted a number of small packages with buzzing occupants inside them. Then there's "The Cluster," a large fly which reads nicely on screen. "We have extras in case, God forbid, one doesn't perform as directed or gets swatted by mistake," the "fly wrangler" laughs nervously.

A 20th Century Fox release of a Brooksfilms production, *The Fly* will be hovering around theatres in your neighborhood this summer.

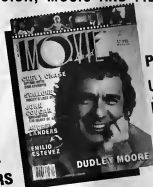


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STEVEN SPIELBERG TELLS MORE AMAZING STORIES

Continuing a frank revelation by Hollywood's most popular director in which he explains how he is returning terror and fantasy to America's living rooms. Without further adieu... Steven Spielberg!



By James Van Hise

really can't predict what the audience will be who tunes in to *Amazing Stories*," says Spielberg. "Some of our shows are family oriented.

Other shows are really rather avant garde, and those certainly won't appeal to family audiences. But we're kind of hitting on a little of each. One week you might love an *Amazing Stories*, and the next week you might go, 'Oh my goodness, what was that?' I hope the third week you'll tune back in. That's part of the fun of doing a series like this. We're not playing it safe. A couple of the shows are really rather wacky and some are very moving, emotional—quiet. Then other shows are action packed and very visual. You just have to like *Mulligan stew* to really love *Amazing Stories*.

"There's a lot of visual flash and action, yet some of the shows are just the opposite, very intimate and closely studied. I would certainly hope there would be a 'wow' factor. But I'm more interested in the 'wow' factor not having to do with the immediate, but having to do with the first twenty-two shows. I would like the whole series to hold on and grow just as a movie box-office can start moderate then grow. I would rather do that than start like *Call to Glory*, way up at the top with nowhere to go but down."

Spielberg is cautious in his assessment of the possibilities of the series. He readily admits that the network is looking for a big hit while he'd be happy with just a moderate success.

"Personally, I'm just looking to be able to stay on the air for a couple of years because this is a wonderful format for creative expression—the short story coming to film. I love the format and would like the show to go live to seven years. That would certainly make us all very happy and very rich. But if it does go two, which won't make us very rich, I'll be very satisfied that we had 42 short stories for television. On a bad night we get 18 million

people watching. That's not so bad! If this show is successful, and the other anthologies coming out this season are successful, I'll bring a welcome addition to television. I think that television can certainly balance, on the one hand, live audience comedy such as *The Bill Cosby Show*, and on the other hand, the half-hour to hour anthology—even something like *Playhouse 90* some day."

HIGH EXPECTATIONS

Since *Amazing Stories* was heavily promoted, it's inevitable that viewers might expect more than a TV series can possibly deliver within the restrictions of the small screen. In fact, the tagline of the entire fall season was based on the show.

"We'll do our best to deliver what people have come to expect in the movies," Spielberg promises. "By the same token, I can tell you that what you are seeing is not an 18 to 20 million dollar movie every Sunday night at eight o'clock. You're seeing a story that is pretty amazing for TV. Some of them would be pretty amazing if they were released as movies today."

In the advance promotion for the show, much was made about the unique lineup of directors slated to work on the show. This raises the question whether TV audiences care who the director of a show is.

"I think the audience cares who the director is when it's somebody like Clint Eastwood or Burt Reynolds and maybe even myself," Spielberg states. "I think the audience cares about the story. I care who the director is because that's going to make the shows good. I don't think the audience cares who the directors are as long as they're entertaining. They're satisfied and they think about it when he's over. All they care about is entertainment, and I think that's good. It's not their job to care about directors. That's my respon-

sibility."

A director is just one more cog in the production machinery who comes on to see that the script is filmed. He doesn't have the authoritarian powers that theatrical directors have. This is a situation that Spielberg would like to change.

"Directors should have more input not only in the ways their shows are cast (certainly they are in control of the way their shows are shot) but in the way their shows are post-produced and distributed, and possibly even sold. What a show is and how it appears to the public in advertisements are often two different things. It would be nice if the director has a chance to reach out to all areas of television to continue his involvement. In television years ago, directors had less to contribute than they do today. Things have changed since I was in television."

TIME TO BREATHE

What hasn't changed is the lead time for postproduction. That is why Spielberg made certain that the people working for him didn't have to endure the pressures that he did when he was in television.

"When I made *Duel*, I had three weeks from the time I yelled 'Cut, print, that's a wrap,' to the time that *Duel* was on the air. I had to cut the film down from about two and a half hours to 74 minutes. Four editors worked fiercely at the same time. I was roller skating from editing room to editing room. Billy Goldenberg only had a couple of days to write and score the music and I dubbed the whole thing in two days. During my preliminary discussion with NBC, I said I would do the show only if I could shoot way in advance of the air dates."

Even with the latitude directors have on *Amazing Stories*, and even though budgets are larger than normal, many of the directors are used to working exclusively in motion pictures. They have





Couch potatoes from outer space come to Hollywood to see the stars in an episode of Amazing Stories

been able to adapt to the tighter budget restrictions of television.

"I've been surprised at how adaptable these directors are," states Spielberg. "Marty Scorsese has never done television before and his was the second show. It was completely on budget and on time. He got a grand performance out of Sam Waterston. We're all very happy with it. It's amazing how the directors have been able to adapt to the tough schedule. Our schedules are a little easier than most hours."

Even though Spielberg assembled an enviable lineup of directors for the first season, not everyone he approached could accommodate an episode in their schedules.

"I've had several directors commit to us and then have to uncommit because of feature film opportunities that come along. For instance, Peter Weir, the director of *Witness* wanted to do one very much. But then he got his *Mosquito Coast* motion picture off the ground and could no longer do

one.

"I approached David Lean to direct one of these shows. David, being very casual and very funny about it, simply said, 'Look, if you give me six months, I'll be happy to direct a half hour.' But pretty much all the directors I've approached have reacted positively, if not to commit to this season, then to next season when they have a window between feature films. I'm very excited about the directors we have. I'm also very excited that almost one-third of the directors in the first 22 shows have never directed professionally before—they're first time directors."

GOING HOME AGAIN

Steven Spielberg started out in television. His unprecedented success in the motion picture field seemed to make it unlikely that he would ever want to return to the smaller budgets and restrictions of the tv format.

"My attitude was always that if I went back into television too early, people would think I was a failure. That I was retreating to my home ground where I got my start. For a long time I was so tempted to do television. I kept thinking that I couldn't go back because people would think it was to surrender. I had to get my attitude right and realized that tv is a fantastic format for presentation."

"I admire a lot of the tv that I watch," Spielberg continues. "I love a lot of the long form novels for television and a lot of the special movie presentations made for tv. At one point I just said, this is fun. I had a lot of fun in tv. It gave me my start in 1969. It was just as simple as that. I wanted to get back to a format that in one night can reach more people than a motion picture often can in its entire run!"




PAUL NASCHY

PART 5

WEREWOLF OF SPAIN

By Eric Hoffman



If one individual could be credited as getting Spain's "horror cycle" rolling, it would be Paul Naschy, a brewny, multit talented performer who has become Spain's equivalent of Karloff-Lugosi-Lee-Cushing-Charney in one package. Among the many characters he has portrayed, Paul Naschy is immediately identified by his fens with one particular characterization—the tormented werewolf, *Waldemar Daninsky*.

Naschy confined his character *Waldemar*'s problems to his werewolf hang-up until 1971 when he took things a step further by mixing his werewolf saga with another, classic creation.

Dr. Jekyll y El Hombre Lobo (*Dr. Jekyll & The Wolf Man*) (1971) saw Naschy's character intermixed with Robert Louis Stevenson's classic creation. The *Dr. Jekyll* of the title in this case, however, was not the Victorian era physician, but the grandson of the infamous scientist, who just happens to rediscover *that* formula again. This time, *Waldemar* is not brought back by any plot device. He's just there, alive and suffering from guess what?

A pair of newlyweds have come from London to visit the groom's homeland—beautiful downtown *Trensylvania*. Ignoring the warnings of the

superstitious villagers about the ancient *Black Castle*, which just happens to be located near a cemetery, the pair visit the graveyard where the parents of the groom are buried. . . and are promptly attacked by three muggers who kill hubby and prepare to do neetier things to the new widow, *Justine*. But rescue comes in the form of *Waldemar*, who just happens to live in the *Black Castle*. *Justine* is soon made aware of his little problem and takes him into coming to London with her. *Waldemar* soon sees the wisdom of her advice. . . especially after his latest rampage brings the villagers down on the castle, complete



Paul Naschy surrounded by scenes from his films Dr. Jekyll y El Hombre Lobo (top, right), In El Retorno De Walpurgis (1973)(right) and (above left) as the werewolf Waldemar.



*Paul
Neschy as
Waldemar
meets
friends
and
influences
people in
Tibet.*

with silver bullets!

Justine takes Waldemar to her friend Dr. Henry Jekyll, grandson of the legendary, infamous physician who created the formula that brought a person's "other self" to the surface. Jekyll has rediscovered the ancient formula and apparently managed to eliminate the faults in the original mixture.

He's skeptical when told about Waldemar's problem, but he soon changes his mind—right after Waldemar gets trapped in an elevator with another passenger during the full moon. Needless to say, an elevator is not the place to be trapped in with an angry werewolf.

Aiding Jekyll in his work is Sandre, who sees Jekyll's rediscovery as a means of securing power. Jekyll, so far, has resisted her urgings to follow this goal, ticking Sandre off. . . and she's not too crazy about Justine, either, since Jekyll happens to be in love with her (Justine, however, has fallen in love with Waldemar).

Jekyll injects Waldemar with the old family formula on the theory that the formula will liberate the "Hyde" nature in the basically good Deninsky; when the full moon rises, the battle between "Hyde" and the monster in Waldemar will cause the two fiends to destroy each other, curing Waldemar. The treatment is a success. But not for long. Sandre's lust for power has driven her mad. She steals Jekyll, then gives Waldemar a second, larger dose of the formula. The result is that with the werewolf in Waldemar apparently dead, it's no trouble at all for Mr. Hyde to take over. Before long, the streets of London become a hunting ground for the new Mr. Hyde. And Waldemar thought he had personality problems before!

Two years later, Neschy decided to continue coming up with new touches for his character's adventures, attempting to overcome the limitations of series of films dealing with a werewolf as its central "hero."

For *El Reino De Welpurgie* (1973), Neschy thought of a new origin for the Daninsky werewolf curse, and based one of his characters on a real-life figure of horror.

In the 16th century, the forces of King Wladislaw of Poland, led by Irineus Daninsky, the king's famed and feared inquisitor, cut a bloody path through Transylvania. Irineus began a relentless, bloody persecution of those suspected of witchcraft or consorting with the powers of darkness. Among those condemned to the fire was the Princess Elizabeth Bethorzy, who had slaughtered many young women so that she could use their blood to retain her youth as well as carry on evil Satanic ceremonies with her followers. Before she is executed, Bethorzy places a curse upon Irineus; for the killing of her husband, the destruction and torture of her coven and her own impending death, the future generations of the Daninsky line would live under a terrible curse. . . a curse that would be fulfilled when one of the Daninsky descendants kills one of the descendants of the Bethorzy clan.

Four hundred years later, in the province of Sibelunke, somewhere in the Carpathians, a series of horrible murders are being committed. An escaped maniac is believed to be the cause of the killings. Among those sharing this belief is one Waldemar Daninsky, descendant of the infamous Irineus, and one of the leading citizens of the province. Waldemar soon learns that there's more going on than he imagined. Especially when a wolf he shot transforms into the body of a gypsy! And, as if this wasn't enough, it turns out that the dead gypsy was. . . you guessed it. . . the last of the Bethorzy line! The dead man's tribe swears vengeance on Waldemar. One of their clan, the lovely Ilona, "encounters" Waldemar, wins his affection. . . and gouges a wound in his chest with a wolf's skull! So much for young lust!

It isn't long before a new series of murders, still attributed to the homicidal maniac, begin. During all this, Waldemar falls in love with a young lady named Kinga. They get married and are soon expecting. Kinga eventually learns, courtesy of one of the old family servants, about the Daninsky curse. It doesn't take her

long to put two and two together and get a very hairy four. She takes matters, and a silver cross-knife, into her own hands to end the curse and her husband's suffering. But there's still the matter of the expected Daninsky offspring. Savareil years later, as Kinga finishes telling her son the tale of his father and the Daninsky curse, the full moon rises and. . .

In 1975, Neschy decided to take the viewer back to Tibet and come up with *La Maldición De La Bestia* (*Night of the Howling Beast* in the U.S.). Once again, quite hairy and hairy, Daninsky, a scientist, is talked into going along on an expedition to Tibet to find the legendary Abominable Snowman. The exploration party, however, is attacked by bandits ruled by the murderous Sharker-Ken. All are killed except for Prof. Lacombe, the head of the expedition, his daughter Silvia and Waldemar, who wasn't with the group at the time. He's having his own troubles, among them a strange creature within the shadows of the mountain. Seeking shelter, Waldemar stumbles upon a cave where two women live, maintaining it as a sort of shrine. They turn out to be cannibalistic creatures. And then, of course, there's the matter of that wound received from the creature that attacked Waldemar; it's turned into a pentagram-shaped scar on his chest, and you know what that means.

La Maldición De La Bestia had a secondary plot that ties the various elements of the screenplay together. It seems that bandit chieftain Sharker-Ken has more than usual reasons of greed, bloodlust and plunder on his mind when his men are sent out to slaughter hapless travellers or scientific expeditions. He is gradually succumbing to an increasingly spreading form of skin leprosy, and in searching for a cure has fallen under the influence of a beautiful, but evil, woman who has her own gruesome methods of treatment.

Waldemar literally has to take on the bandits single-handedly, both in his human state and as the werewolf, as well as tangle with the Yeti before the picture (and the bloodshed) is over.

As number eight in the series, *La Maldición De La Bestia* seemed to be about as far as even Neschy could go in devising plots for his character. Although Waldemar had a following, and Neschy obviously had a soft spot for him, there was a definite limit to how many variations on a theme he could come up with. Besides, other roles had been turning up as well as new script writing assignments (from other companies and his own projects). And then in 1976, Neschy turned to a new phase of his career. Besides acting and writing, he had decided to direct as well, under his real name of Jacinto Molina. While he had a fond



The many faces of the master: Paul Naschy!

ness for the fantastic genre, Naschy/Molina tried his hand at other types of films as well, including a documentary, *El Museo Del Prede (The Prede Museum — 1980)*.

In 1980, Waldemar Daninsky returned in *El Retorno Del Hombre Lobo*, with Naschy starring in, writing and directing the production. Taking elements from some of his past horror screenplays and adding a few new touches, Naschy managed to come up with a ninth werewolf movie, totally independent of the previous entries in this "series."

In *El Retorno De Wulpurgia*, Naschy had used the infamous "bloody countess" of the Middle Ages, Elizabeth Bathory, as the basis for one of his characters. This time, Naschy decided that the Countess would have her lineage under her own name.

Naschy's screenplay began in the year 1530 in Hungary, with the Countess Bathory tried and condemned to death for practicing black magic and committing horrible, bloody deeds. But she is not the only one sentenced to death. Her loyal consort, one Waldemar Daninsky, is condemned as well for aiding Bathory. Besides that, Waldemar also happens to be a werewolf.

Their sentence: Countess Elizabeth Bathory is to be beheaded; Waldemar is to have a silver cross driven into his heart, ending his lycanthropic evil...

Four and a half centuries later, three young girls, Erika, Barbara and Karin, who happen to be students of the occult, set out to find the tomb of the Bloody Countess and her servant. Aided by an old professor of archaeology, the group finds the tomb. Then, performing an ancient ceremony, one of the girls reawakens the centuries-slumbering Countess. Now a vampire, Bathory promptly demonstrates her gratitude to Erika and her friend Barbara by making them her first victims, turning them into blood-hungry creatures like herself.

As for Waldemar, his grave is found by some grave robbers, who remove the silver cross from his heart. The werewolf returns to rejoin Countess Bathory in spreading terror and death.

But one thing disturbs the diabolic harmony of the evil group; Karin, the only one of the three girls not victimized by Bathory's evil. She and Waldemar have fallen in love. Her former friends have other intentions for her, and while Waldemar is trying to protect her from the blood-thirsty vampires, he is also undergoing a gradual change of heart, slowly turning away from his evil ways. In the end, it is the werewolf against the Countess and her vampire followers.

Unseen in the United States as yet, *El Retorno Del Hombre* seemed to get positive response from fans, with Naschy mentioned for giving a new touch to his classic character. This time, there was no modern-day descendant, but a Waldemar Daninsky out of the past, dressed as he would be in his original time period, even sporting a dashing beard and moustache.

Prior to making *El Retorno Del Hombre Lobo*, Naschy had done something unique, I believe, for the Spanish horror genre; he had made a co-production with a Japanese production group, *El Carnaval De Los Beutes* (Carnival of the Beasts). Four years later, he would do a second Spain/Japanese co-production built around Waldemar the werewolf, but with a very different idea behind it.

Once again, Naschy wrote, directed and starred in *La Bestia Y El Espado Magico* (The Beast and the Magic Sword) (1984), a mixture of horror and the Japanese period adventure drama.

To set the stage, Naschy revived the character of Irineus Daninsky (remember *El Retorno De Wulpurgia*?), this time placing him in the 10th century during the conflict between Germany and Hungary.

During that time, Irineus, a Polish knight serving Emperor Otto the Great of Germany, helps defeat a force of warrior and supposed sorcerers who have been attacking the German frontier. Killing Bulcho, leader of the enemy, Irineus becomes the target of a curse placed by the Hungarian chieftain's lover; a curse that will strike at his male descendants for all time. Any guesses what kind of curse?

In the 18th century, Waldemar Daninsky, Irineus' descendant, suffers the curse of the werewolf and sets out to seek someone who can cure him. He arrives too late in Toledo, Spain, to save a Habsburg scholar from the ravages of the Inquisition. But before he dies, the scholar tells Daninsky the whereabouts of Kian, a Japanese physician/scholar who possesses a cure.

Determined to be saved from the curse of the full moon, Waldemar journeys to Japan, going from one province to another to find Kian... and slaughters some people along the way. Complicating his quest is the fact that the monster is being hunted by military leader Oda Nobunega and his samurai.

Eventually, Waldemar finally finds Kian, who agrees to try to cure him. But the first attempt fails, and Waldemar becomes the werewolf once more. Finally, Kian finds a possible answer with a rather grim cure; a sword made of silver with magical powers that can be used to deal with the ferocious monster in a duel to the death. And so, the Japanese physician and the werewolf clash... yet...

Although *La Bestia Y El Espado Magico* remains, to date, the latest Waldemar Daninsky/werewolf saga made by Naschy, he did appear as a werewolf about once a year, in 1982.

The film was *Buenas Noches, Saner Monstruo*, a horror comedy with musical numbers, directed and co-written by Antonio Mercero. The nominal stars of the film were a group of youngsters known as Regalis, a sort of Spanish version of "Our Gang," best known for singing pop songs. From what information that could be figured out, the plot had the youngsters turning up at a castle that just happens to belong to Count Dracula. Before the kids are rescued, they find that there are a few other "guests" at the castle as well; a wheelchair-bound, but not less inventive, Dr. Frankenstein (Andrés Meljoto), the Frankenstein Monster (Fernando Bilbao, who had portrayed the Monster before in two films for Spanish filmmaker Jesus Franco), a younger vampire named Draculin (the Count's son?) (M.A. Valero "Pirana"), a hunchbacked servant Queimodo (Guillermo Montesinos), and last, but not least, the werewolf, played by Paul Naschy. According to information translated from an issue of the French magazine MAD MOVIES, it is Naschy's character who winds up getting the worst of things, just as Lon Chaney's Wolfman suffered in Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein!

The opinions regarding Paul Naschy and his pictures have been divided here in the U.S. Not too many of them have made it over here and those that do are often poorly dubbed and sometimes haphazardly cut. Yet, Paul Naschy has to have done something right. He has a following in Europe and there are fans here in this country. He continues to make movies in his capacity as actor, writer and now, more recently, director.

Whether or not there will be another entry in the many films revolving around Waldemar Daninsky, the werewolf, remains to be seen. But even if there isn't, Paul Naschy has given the macabre genre a horror character that, while it has its Larry Talbot-ish qualities, is still a creation in its own right, outlasting other terror film series revolving around a particular character.





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Your article on Lon Chanay Jr. again brought back memories. He may not have been one of the greatest, but he certainly contributed many unforgettable on-screen characters. One I remember vividly was a guest appearance on *The Monkees*, where he co-starred with Rosa Maria (of *The Dick Van Dyke Show*) in a story about small-time gangsters. Among the dialogue was this exchange: "You ain't—you ein't the—the Big Men?" "Now, I'm the Big Woman—the Big Men's wife." "Well, where's your husband?" "He got TOO big! Now I'm the Big Man!"

It's obvious your *Elvira* place was the showcase of the issue. WOW! Great photos! Also, I really liked the layout and use of color—If only more of the magazine could look like this! (How Jim Steranko does it in *Prevue* every issue is beyond me!) Are any of these pictures for sale? (I'm sure they'd sell like crazy)

I also enjoyed the *Caroline Munro* interview, which included several photos I'd not seen printed before. I wish they'd been in color, though! Perhaps you can give her the treatment *Elvira* got when her next film comes out, huh?

1985 was the best year for horror movies in ages and included some of the best-made genre films of my lifetime (1959 on...). *The Bride stands above all else*, in my opinion—Imagine changing the ending of one of the all-time classics and then going on from there—end concocting one of the most moving, beautiful fantasy films ever seen in a theater! I was close to tears at the ending—at last, a happy ending for *The Creature*! I think I was weeping years for this one.

I'm afraid I found *The Black Cauldron* a disappointment. It features, in certain scenes, the most advanced animation I've ever seen, especially in the scenes unveiling the villain's castle, the extremely life-like movement of the villain himself, and the pure horror of the legion of the dead. However, the overuse of "cuteness" in several of the characters and the various side-trips that slowed down rather than advanced the plot, ruined it for me. My father saw it with me and he said the movie had no plot! I tried to be a little fair, but I just wish Disney Studios would stop pandering to the "kiddies" and just make a movie that would scare the living heck out of the audience! They could do it, without excess violence, profanity and nudity! But they seem afraid to. (When *Something Wicked This Way Comes* was released, they seemed ashamed to admit it was a Disney film! Had it come out a year later, I'm sure it would've failed under their "Touchstone" label—as it is, I feel it's the *finest* film they've made since Walt Disney died!) It's a shame that I felt compelled after seeing *Cauldron* to come home and watch *Heavy Metal* for the 8th time (and enjoyed it 10 times as much).

What has happened to *The Howling 2*? I know when Christopher Lee appears in a scary movie nowadays, it's

Dear Monstariand,

Monstariand 7 was another wonderful issue! I continue to get the feeling, though, that the magazine could use some fine-tuning. So, if I may make a few suggestions... The *Elvira* cover was gorgeous! I think if it had just been her with the blue background (with the latter superimposed over the blue) it would have been even better. Sorry, but that tombstone still bothers me—though I must say it looks better at the bottom of the page than near the middle. But it, and the 3 other photos just make it seem too jumbled, hodge-podge, slap-dash—I know this is a fun magazine (unlike many others!) but a little more artisticness in its look and makeup wouldn't hurt. (I hope the *SF MovieLand* banner will be gone by next time). Might I also suggest you put the issue number on the cover? This would sure go a long way towards making filing of the magazines a lot easier.

My continual gripe seems to be continuing things from one and of the book to another unnecessarily. When it happens to your Editorial it seems especially silly. Also, I may be complaining needlessly, but I usually prefer the Letters Page either at the beginning (like the old FM and currently, *First Comics*, *Starlog*, etc) or at the end (Marvel and DC comics, etc). I always disliked when Marvel had their latter columns in the middle of the books—you had to search for them, and they interrupted the flow of the story, etc. ... Also, could you try to have relatively short articles, features, interviews, etc. complete in one issue? I feel too many of these things are being given in tiny segments as an inducement to buy next issue—I don't need that kind of thing! The old FM used to have articles which ran on for 20-30 pages if necessary! Your *Frankenstein* Fearbook ran over 3 issues—but each part was upwards of 20 pages! (Unless my memory's going on me...)

Now the good stuff: I'm glad to hear that *Psycho III* is being done with the care that went into *Psycho II*. That film did the impossible—it was a sequel to a classic and a Hitchcock classic at that—so many years later, and yet it was in many ways every bit as good as the original! On-screen violence kept to a minimum (by today's standards), intriguing whodunit plot and incredibly believable characterization by Anthony Perkins! "Sequel"-type films should only be made with as much or more care than the originals. (My father feels *Psycho II* is actually better than *Psycho*!)

a sign he feels it's a movie worth doing—and therefore seeing. And yet, I've heard nothing about it for several months!

Also, any news on *Phibes Resurrected*? Will this film be made? I sure hope so—it seems the announced-but-never-made *Bride of Dr. Phibes* was supposed to finally bring Caroline Munro back to life—and have her be more evil than Pricel! I really wish somebody would make this movie!

Finally, let me say I thought *Godzilla 1985* (the US title) is the best Godzilla movie ever made! It was played straight, serious—instead of feeling like just another "glent monster flick," this one came across like a science-fiction "disaster" movie (including a possible homage to *The Towering Inferno*). *Godzilla* was awesome, and more so—*believeable*! Also, the directing, writing, acting, dubbing, even the special effects and the music were totally professional! Incredibly, the movie is at once both a remake and a sequel to the original (I understand Raymond Burr's scenes were filmed only for the US version—*agein*!) If they ever make another one, it's going to have very high standards to live up to! The only thing is, I couldn't convince any of my friends of just what a good movie it was! The stigma of the early Seventies films (*Godzilla's Revenge*, *Godzilla on Monster Island*, *Godzilla Vs. Megalon*, etc) continues. How few remember the first film: *Terror of Mechagodzilla*? Now that was good! Ironically, the second film, *Godzilla Ate Again* (as it was called here) was finally broadcast in Philadelphia a couple months ago—for the first time in my lifetime, I believe! However, the local cable failed to pick up the station that ran it until 2 weeks later—so I still haven't seen it!

Let me close by saying putting Sci-Fi into *Monsterland* is great. Why buy 2 different mags? Incidentally, one of the best animated films of late was *Star Wars: The Legend of Obi-Wan*. I thought for sure it had to be Japanese (it was so good!) until I saw the credits! Action, adventure, suspense, amazing animation work, and wonderful designs by Thomas Warkentin, who was the artist on the *Star Trek* newspaper strip when it first started, as well as on the 4-pager "Soft Landing" which was adapted as the *Heavy Metal* movie's opening credits. **NEAT STUFF!**

Best of luck with future issues—I hope it gets better and better! Be seeing you.

Henry R. Kujawa
1202 Evaratt Street
Camden, New Jersey 08104

Dear *Monsterland*:

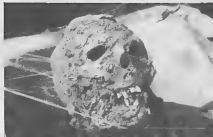
The colorful middle-sections, the dazzling covers and the informative stories mean one thing: this magazine is a winner! And what a pleasure it is to an old FM fan like myself to read about Lugosi, Kerloff, Chaney, etc. . . .

Perhaps this magazine will usher in a renewed interest in movie monsters, science fiction and fantasies? I certainly hope so, for it is currently the definitive magazine on monsters.

Michael G. Cienfereno
114 West Schuyler St.
Oswego, NY 13126

TIDBITS

J.C. of Long Beach, CA would like more *FEARBOOKS* to haunt our pages. There'll be one *MONSTERLAND CLASSIC* each issue, unless they're so gigantic we have to dismember them into two parts.***Ginnie Gaizze of San Diego, CA wants a listing of pen pals from around the world (Thanks to the suggestion we'll be running classifiads so that you can let everyone know)***Kevin McFarland writes to let us know he cut his teeth on Chaney and Kerloff (But did Lugosi return the favor?)***Robert Feltskowski of Sun Prairie, WI has a crush on Elvira****MONSTERLAND* teenfan Howard Sherrott of Secket's Herbor, NY would like everyone to witness his handiwork, especially Elvira***Eric Hapin of Whitesboro, NY writes to thank Ron Megid for Elvira: "I like her more than those other fens she has. She might be older than me but I still love her a lot!" (Elvira is eternally greveful).



Howard Sherrott's monstrous masterworks



WELL! WHAT DO YOU THINK? My very first letters page—and I'm much scarier than that human editor. I untied the Ackermanmonster, but my drone has things well under control.

—Evile

VIDEO CREATURES

BY RANDY PALMER

Instead of giving you the lowdown on the latest scaryfying releases from the video vault this month, let's instead consider what we'd like to see on home video that isn't already available. There are hundreds of titles that have been sitting in limbo since the Big Video Bang. Many are movies of high quality and extraordinary merit.

For example, where is *Curse of the Demon*? Anyone with a basic knowledge of the horror game will know that this is one of the all-time greats. Hasn't Columbia Pictures the sense to realize that they're sitting on one of the genre's great masterpieces, depriving unholy souls like us from enjoying one of Horrorwood's finest moanments?

Unearthly Stranger is a 1964 British gem—one of the most unnerving pictures I've ever closely encountered. It's rarely seen on television anymore, and I could certainly use a nice, new video re-release of it now. (Are you listening, Hollywood?)



Thank heaven somebody had the wisdom to dust off Val Lewton's masterworks (see ML 6). Now how about doing the same for *Black Sunday* (with Barbara M-M-M-MMM Steele) and *Black Sabbath* (King Karloff as the dreaded Wurdulak)?

Hey! What about *Tod Browning's Freaks*? (There's a picture you won't soon forget—if you get to see it!)

Also:

The She-Creature (best 1950's monster costume).

Taste the Blood of Dracula (still the most unusual storyline for a Dracula film; and one of the finest Hammer films ever!)

Kiss of the Vampire (restored to originality, please; I'm not interested in the tampered-with American television).

Vampire Circus (Erotic! Exotic! Bizarre!)

Horrors of the Black Museum (Tremendous debauchery! A Michael Gough tour-de-force. Retain the "Hypno-Vista" intro, please!).

The Men from Planet X (Such mood! Such atmosphere! An eerie sleeper, truly).

The H-Men (Toho's answer to *The Blob*—only scarier).

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919 original, restored and updated with a modern soundtrack, aka the recent re-release of *Metropolis*).

They Came From Within (Also known as *Shivers*—Cronenberg's most disgusting film ever. And, it has Barbara Steele!)



Vincent Price in the fiendishly funny spoof, *Bloodbath at the House of Death*. Above, right, Laurence Landon as the legendary *Hundre*—the *Warrior Women*.

I could probably think of some more terror titles, but I'd like you to share your thoughts with me on this subject. Send me your list of favorites: horror, SF and fantasy films—the ones you're just dying to see on video. List as few or as many titles as you care to (up to a max of, say, 15). I'll study your listers, tally the titles, and come up with a list of those motion pictures you most want to see released on videotape. The results will be printed in a future "Video Creatures" column for all the world—and especially the video companies—to see.

Send your comments to VIDEO CREATURE TERROR TITLE TOTE, care of this magazine.



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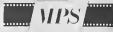
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QUEST

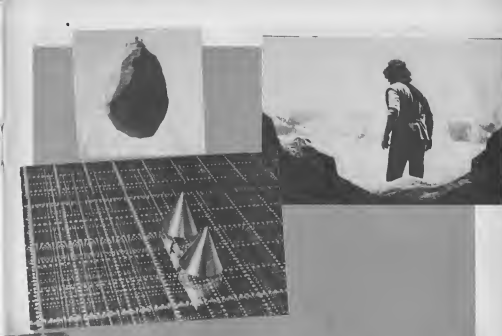


By Dennis Fischer

Soul Bess is an unfamiliar name to most people, but as one of the top graphics designers in the country, his work is very familiar. He's done the famous opening titles for films like *Psycho*, *North by Northwest*, *Vertigo*, *West Side Story* and others. He's also designed film sequences for maximum visual impact, such as the shower sequence in *Psycho*, the final bottle scene in *Spartacus*, and all the Cinerama-filmed racing scenes in *Grand Prix*. His short films, created with wife Elaine, include the Academy Award-winning *Why Man Creates*, his directorial debut with *Phase IV* is perhaps one of the most unusual men vs. nature stories filmed, and he's also designed the trademarks for AT&T, Warner Bros., Mincita, Dar Wienschnitzel and others.

One of the Bess's most recent projects is the Ray Bradbury-scripted short film, *Quest*. The film tells the tale of a world where people are born, grow old and die in a mere eight days. They know that there is a gate on the other side of their world that if opened, would let sunlight into their dark, cold world and increase their lifespans a thousandfold. Training one child from the moment of birth for this mission, the story follows his training and adventures to the completion of his task.

Bradbury fans have noticed a similarity to an early tale, "Frost and Fire," but Bess insists that *Quest* is not an adaptation. "I've always liked the idea, the mythic notion of a quest, which is a metaphor for life and growth and the development of individuals and



societies; and of a quest being a series of tests which you must pass to achieve the next level of development.

"Ray and I started with the notion of making this story a quest, and he provided the idea of creating a time constraint, providing a more dynamic push to the whole thing."

Bass went on to explain what started them doing the film in the first place.

"The genesis was a Japanese group that came to us and said they'd like us to do a half-hour film that would make a positive statement about the nature of life.

"When this came in, Elaine and I were very responsive to the notion. It seemed like an opportunity to make an affirmative film, which we'd been wanting to do for a long time. The other ingredient was that Ray and I have been friends for a long time and we kept saying to each other, 'Gee, we

ought to figure out a project we can do together.' So I sat down with Ray and talked the whole thing through. Then Ray wrote the script and Elaine and I co-directed and co-produced it. After that, Elaine did the music in collaboration with a young composer, Berlington Van Campen."

Bass had high praise for his collaborators. "Ray was wonderful. We really had a lot of fun. It's been one of the great collaborative experiences for me.

For Bass, the biggest challenge of *Quest* was "how to combine the effects and the startling newness of conditions and strange ideas and not lose the emotion and character and story. Big science fiction films seem to fail, with some exceptions of course, into the trap of being seduced by effects and by strangeness. The hope is that the novelty of the conditions, of the ideas and technique will somehow carry



you. They then wind up relying too heavily on that, and because of the lack of character or story, they lose the emotional core of the film.

"One of the reasons why that imbalance occurs in films is that effects take a disproportionate amount of time, energy and cost, and the director gets seduced by that. The one end of it overwhelms the normal character development, and everything takes a backseat to getting one thing done. So you begin to concentrate on the wrong thing. Elaine and I had to keep remembering it's not whether an effect is wonderful, but whether people looking at the film can feel something."

Another problem for Bass was the small effects budget which forced them to work largely with classic effects techniques largely superseded by more technical means in recent years.



"We used a lot of front projection," says Bass, "but we used it more derlingly then it's used today. We did a lot of complicated moves combining not only ectore in front of e set, but things in front of the ectors end elements to cause it to develop a level of reality normally considered beyond front projection's capacity. You have to ba very careful about matching the color elements on the projection screen with the elements in front of you. You also have to make sure you stay on e direct line in front of the alements you're photographing against the projection screen, otherwise you start getting e 'fringe' around the edges that's very visible. We worked with that pertiely by using e very tight lighting scheme that put carefully lit figures against darker backgrounds to help hide the fringing."

The entire film was shot on e 150' by 50' stage using various sizes of models to create the illusion of immense size. Bass found though that if he relied on eny one technique for too long, the audiences would begin to detect the effect.

But ell the effects work would have been in vein if the film didn't have eny meaning for the audience. Says Bass: "We live our lives in terms of goals rather then in terms of process. What the story is about is that even though we have 80-year lives, we live them lika eight-dey lives. We rush through life, always in e hurry to get somewhere to echieve something end forget that how we live while we're working towards that goal is as important as echieving it. We don't sever things enymore. It's lika being on e train, and we pass those little substetions end say 'That looks nice; that looks interesting,' but wa go past. We've not time to stop end look. At the end of the film, the narrator asks our hero, 'In ell the years, in ell the hours of the days and the years ahead, which will be the most precious,' and tha hero answers, 'Any day, eny hour, any minute.'"



CHRONICLING THE DESIGNING OF

INVADERS FROM MARS

BILL STOUT'S MARTIAN ODYSSEY

By Ron Magid



Bill Stout didn't want to get involved with Tobe Hooper's *Invaders From Mars*. He was already both writing and designing a major project for Jim Henson. And, perhaps more importantly, he had a tremendous effect for the original 1953 film, which had been designed and directed by the legendary William Cameron Menzies. Menzies had also designed such films as *Gone With The Wind* and Hitchcock's *Farewell Correspondent*, and directed the epic of classic, *Things To Come*.

"When Tobe Hooper approached me about being the Production Designer on his remake of *Invaders From Mars*, 'Stout recalls, 'I said I just didn't have the time because of this Henson project, but I also realized that redesigning a film created by the greatest production designer of all time, William Cameron Menzies, would be suicidal. It would be like asking for it... and I didn't want to ask for it, so I turned Tobe down!'"

But Hooper was not to be so easily deterred. He persisted in his attempts to involve Stout with the project. Stout had already obtained permission to work on Henson's film and *Invaders From Mars* simultaneously, but something held him back from giving Hooper a definite answer. Still, the more he thought about it, the more he understood that he could make a valuable contribution to Hooper's production. "I felt the one thing that didn't have the design it could have in the original was the Martian stuff," says Stout. "It was very minimal, due to budget restriction. People to this day still talk about the Martians with zippers in the backs of their suits. So I thought if I could just design the Martians and their environment, it wouldn't con-

sume all of my time, and it would be a lot of fun."

Stout also wanted to work only on the Martian design because of his time commitment to Henson. Ironically, although he was initially signed to work on *Invaders From Mars* for only three weeks, he ultimately spent over seven months on the film. "It really became a consuming project," recalls Stout, "and towards the end, I had to race to get the Henson stuff done because the Martian had taken so much more time than I expected. In fact, I've vowed never to work on more than one film at the time."

GROWING A MARTIAN CULTURE

Stout visited Hooper several days each week over the course of several months. Together they formulated a unique style of Martian architecture and weaponry, as well as the look of the Martians themselves. When Les Dillely was hired as the film's production designer, he and Stout began to collaborate as well. By bouncing ideas back and forth, they created a totally alien Martian microcosm while still remaining faithful to the spirit of Menzies' original designs. "Whereas Menzies, because of his limited budget, and also due to artistic choice in wanting the film to appear dreamlike, kept everything very minimal, we're going in a very different direction," Stout elaborates. "We want to keep the same dreamlike feeling, but in some dreams things seem more real than real. That's the feeling we're going for in the film—a supersaturation of architectural and cultural icons to really capture an intense, dreamlike mood."

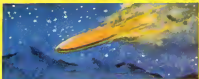
Soon after he joined *Invaders From*

Mars, Stout realized that creating an alien culture was going to be much more difficult and time consuming than he had at first imagined. He worked in a vast range of artistic styles as he attempted to design the Supreme Intelligence chamber, the largest set piece in the film. "I tried everything from a completely organic approach—as if the ship itself was a large living creature, all the way to a very austere, architectural, monolithic Bauhaus kind of look," recalls Stout. "None of these approaches seemed to hit the proper nerve. Then Tobe suggested something that really became the key to unlocking the whole problem. He said, 'Suppose, as in Von Daniken's book, *Chariots of the Gods?*, the Martians had been on Earth thousands of years ago and had left their influence.' I thought: what if they had visited the ancient Chinese and the ancient Egyptians and had left elements of their style around? What if that eventually evolved into what we know as Egyptian and Chinese architecture?"

Stout faced the job of undesigning ancient Chinese and Egyptian architecture back to a common point of influence. This is no mean feat, and probably would have challenged the great Menzies himself. Fortunately for this current production, when Hooper hired Stout, he got an archaeologist, anthropologist, paleontologist, detective rolled into one very talented package. It is safe to say that only someone with all of the capabilities Stout brought to bear on *Invaders From Mars* could have done it justice. Stout had some previous experience in undesigning things, and his solution to the *Invaders* problem was similar to the method he employed on *Conan The Barbarian*, where he and Ron




"You won't find French provincial style chairs in an Egyptian tomb! I wanted everything in the film to look very Martian, as if one culture, one civilization from Mars, designed it all. Doing that makes it all seem more believable."—Bill Stout



Above and at right, pre-production paintings by William Stout of the alien spacecraft from INVADERS FROM MARS





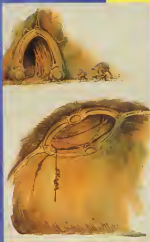
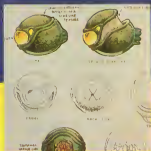
Cobb had to devise an ancient civilization that predated all the cultures we know. "To create the Martian look," explains Stout, "I had to take the Chinese and Egyptian civilizations and redesign them to a common starting place. I knew that the style would give me the basis of the Martian style, and that it would be something consistent. First I did a lot of research. I got all the books I could find on the ancient Chinese and the ancient Egyptians, and then I got books on later Egyptian and Chinese art to see what had changed. Then I took those elements and simplified them, made them more primitive, and sort of forced them back into time."

GROOMING AN ALIEN

Having used Hooper's ancient astronaut idea to unlock the mysteries of the Martian culture, Stout determined to take a different tack in designing the alien look. For this he took Chinese and Egyptian writing and undesignated the two alphabets to a common point. From these hieroglyphics, Stout was then able to extrapolate not only the architectural look of the Martian civilization, but also the look of the Martians themselves! "I came up with a whole set of Martian hieroglyphs, and that's when we knew we had something."

Continued on page 52

Designs for INVADERS FROM MARS by Bill Stout along with scenes from the film showing how the conception of the artist is translated to the motion picture screen.



THE
MAKING
OF

ENEMY MINE

By Michael Mayo



Imagining "Whet It" and putting it down on paper is the special province of a writer. Ed Khmara gets to go one better. As a screenwriter, he gets to see his work visualized in multi-million dollar productions. But if his creations so far have ranged from the medieval fantasy *Ladyhawke* to the futuristic *Enemy Mine*, some very contemporary headaches have dogged Khmara's experiences with each. Studios ignored his first approaches with *Ladyhawke*. *ENEMY Mine* had actually started shooting in a rugged Iceland location when 20th Century Fox fired director Richard Loncrane and shut down the production. Fox had already spent nine million dollars on the film. Sometimes, Khmara says, a writer has to forget everything and just be happy that they've written a good scene that day.

Khmara, now 42, started writing when he was eleven, but didn't knuckle down to screenplays until 1973. This effort continued unwavering until he began to discover the story behind a vision he'd had in Paris: the vision of a fierce knight holding a hawk on his arm.

"*Ladyhawke* goes back to when I was living in Paris for a couple of years and making a living translating. I read a lot of medieval literature and was very struck by post-François Villon's story of how he had been mistreated by a Bishop. That started becoming the story of a little thief who had to go on a quest to redeem himself but was afraid to go on it alone. He needed someone's help, and there would be a price to pay for this. In my mind's eye, I saw a knight with a hawk on his arm, but I didn't know what the knight wanted or why the hawk was there. I first had this idea in 1970, but didn't actually write the screenplay until 1976, and the movie wasn't made until 1983.

"I wrote *Ladyhawke* on speculation, without being paid for it. I didn't have an agent, and couldn't get the studios to pay attention to it. When agents did read it, I couldn't find anybody at first who wanted to represent me or the screenplay. When I did finally find an agent, he didn't like *Ladyhawke* at all and wanted to send it to the Japanese because they did *Godzilla* movies.

Photo: K. H. Vogelmann

Lou Gossett Jr., director Wolfgang Peterson and Dennis Quaid on the mammoth soundstage at the Savaris Studios.

"When I got another agent, the script got around and immediately generated interest. Warners bought the rights to the story and then did nothing. Didn't even hire another writer to rewrite me. They just let it sit. The Ladd Company bought it after Warners released it and did work on it. They hired other writers and wouldn't even talk to me except a couple of times to ask me what I thought of the rewrites. They were getting very far from my original story. When it finally looked like they were going to go ahead with production on it, they ran into money problems. Because of *The Right Stuff*, they had to cancel my film. Now Warners picked it up again and did make it, using basically my story and characters, but with very different dialog and a different ending. My knight was a much wilder man and there was no

eclipse at the end. In my plot, the curse could be ended by killing the Bishop, but the Bishop's life was being protected by a sorcerer. Philip first had to return to the dungeon he'd escaped from and kill the sorcerer before the Bishop could be killed. The thrust of my story was more on Philip's redemption.

"I was happy with parts of the movie, although I thought that Rutger Hauer was a little too civilized for my knight. I had imagined someone more like Jurgen Prochnow. What I was unhappy with was the way I was treated because I was someone they

didn't know, they felt they could take my story with complete disregard to me and do anything they wanted. That was a shock."

Khmara next did a screenplay for United Artists he admits was so bad he's glad it didn't get produced. It was caught in the collapse of the company after *Heaven's Gate*. Khmara was then asked if he could turn the award-winning science fiction novella *Enemy Mine* into a film. Khmara said yes, not knowing the troubles that would befall the production.

Enemy Mine is set in a future torn by a war between Earth and the planet Dracon over colonizing rights. In one of the constant skirmishes between the two planets, an Earth pilot, Willis Davidge (Dennis Quaid), and a Dracon pilot, Jeriba Shigan (Louis Gossett, Jr.), cripple each other's craft and crash on Fyrine IV. Faced with surviving on the unexplored and unwanted hellhole, the two reluctantly join forces. Eventually they forge a friendship that takes an unexpected turn when the unisexual Dracon develops a child, then dies at childbirth.

"Before we wrote the screenplay, we tried to get the studios interested in



Dennis Quaid as Davidge, a space pilot marooned on a planet of terror and wonder.

the story. It was turned down everywhere. But again, after the screenplay was done, there was quite a bit of studio interest. We finally went with 20th Century Fox. Then they started having trouble finding a director. Either the ones they wanted weren't available, or wanted to go in such a different direction with the story that they were unacceptable. Finally, Richard Loncrane was hired.

"The first draft of my screenplay took ten months, which is a very long time. When I started working with Richard, I would fly to London or he would fly here. He had a wonderful, very exciting vision of the film, but at the same time, it might have exceeded what was possible. What you see on the screen today is maybe 75 script pages. The script Loncrane and I star-

ted shooting with in Iceland was 140 pages long."

Iceland's rugged landscape was to serve as Fyrine IV's twisted terrain, but relations soon grew as harsh as the landscape. Nine million dollars was already spent. Months went into preparing the sets, special effects and makeups. A full film crew was sitting in the middle of nowhere and costing a fortune every day. Executive Producer Stanley O'Toole, on location with the production, demanded immediate cuts in the script. Khmara accepted some of them, but director Loncrane balked, in-

sisting that he could pull off the film without budget overruns. After only days of shooting, Fox took the most drastic measures a studio can take against a film—they suddenly fired Loncrane and halted the production. Moving as quickly as possible to try and cut losses on the production, the studio got Wolfgang Petersen as a replacement and wanted him to take up where Loncrane left off. But Petersen had his own ideas. He wanted to redesign much of the production and shoot in Bavaria Studios where he had just done *The Neverending Story*. Essentially, *Enemy Mine* was back at square one, and this was but a taste of things to come, right up to the end.

Continued on page 41

Marooned on a deadly planet, Willis Davidge and Jeriba Shigan are bitter enemies who must learn mutual trust and respect in order to survive. (Far right) Louis Gossett Jr. as Jeriba Shigan, a Drac from the planet Dracon.





GODZILLA

COLOSSAL VILLAIN OR MISUNDERSTOOD HERO?

By Jim Harmon



What makes a hero or villain? It is always a matter of opinion, a case of what position you are looking from. Certain presidents of the United States are regarded as heroes by many, as villains by others. Old West figures like Billy the Kid and Jesse James have been portrayed as the Good Guys in some movies, and as the heavies in others. In the case of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Captain Bligh usually takes the rep for driving his crew to rebellion, but there are other viewpoints pointing out that he was a skilled seaman and good captain to get his small boat, full of loyal men, across the sea to safety.

Such a contradictory figure is the towering one of Godzilla.

At this late date, can we criticize such a being that has saved mankind from destruction countless times? Among figures on the world scene, Godzilla stands head and shoulders above the rest, and by several building stories. Yet there are things in Godzilla's past that must be remembered. A certain respectful caution must be exercised around him. True, Godzilla is our friend now. . . But what if he reverted to his old ways? Could mankind survive a hostile Godzilla forever?

It is time to review the facts. This journal will make every effort to impart that record accurately. But at the same time, we don't intend to white-wash any large green reptiles. Let that record speak for itself. Godzilla's story is—as President Wilson said of D.W. Griffith's silent film masterpiece, *The Birth of a Nation*—"history written in lightning." And fire and smoke, from Godzilla's own mouth.

Spokespersons for Godzilla were invited to come forward, and give his side of it. For their own reasons, none complied. So this record will be impartial, aided by neither friend or foe of this weighty public figure.

Historians are fortunate to have the cinematic record compiled by the Toho company, covering the many exploits

of Godzilla. So faithful is this film account of his life, one could say that these films are his life. Never has there been such a central source for lore on any one monster.

We have used the word. Yes, Godzilla is a Monster. Call him a Greenie, or a dinosaur, or a prehistoric beast—none of these terms describes him quite so well as what he is—a Monster.

There have been other monsters in the past—the huge reptilian juggernauts who roamed the Earth millions of years ago. . . the scaly sea serpents reported on all the oceans from the time of ancient Greece to today's Loch Ness creature. . . the werewolves and vampires of central European folk tales. . . the man-made creations

beginning with Mary Shelly's Frankenstein Monster to the robots and crazed computers of today, perhaps best exemplified in *Star Wars'* Darth Vader, "more machine than man." (No, Vader isn't exactly a robot but his general appearance suggests one, and he has had so much of himself replaced cybernetically that at his worst he can no longer identify himself as human.)

Most of the other great Monsters to appear on the screen are the distillation of years of writings, plays and other movies. The creature of Frankenstein began in the Shelly book, and soon went to the stage, and then into films beginning with Thomas Edison's version to the classic interpretation of Boris Karloff in 1930. The roots of the vampire legend go back



svan further into folk lore and literatur, before Lugosi appeared in the 1931 film, *Dracula*.

Yet, Godzilla was born full blown. When Godzilla appeared in his first feature film presentation in 1954, there was little precedence for him. Of course, stories of giant dinosaurs had been around for some time, in the silent *Lost World* and the talkie, *One Million Years B.C.* But these creature seemed a faceless menacing horde, a hungry species out for human blood. (Of course, many dinosaurs were vegetarians, and their only menace would come if they accidentally stepped on some human, could humans co-exist with them.) These creatures had no real personality

or identity.

Godzilla could be more easily compared to King Kong, even though Kong was a mammalian ape, and the Green One is a great reptile. Kong was a unique creature too. There had been other menacing apes in literature and film—hairy creatures prowling dusty hellways of old mansions to scare beautiful maidens, but they weren't really very big, just a guy in an ape suit—not only in film-making reality, but according to the final on-screen plot development, it usually turned out. The really huge ape, with a distinctive name and personality, was born with King Kong. So it was that the huge dinosaur-like creature with a

memorable name and personality was born with Godzilla.

His name was not originally Godzilla. The Japanese crew at Toho International called their great creature Gajira, a play on the English word, "gorilla" and the Japanese word for whale, "kujira." The inspiration for the word came from a lumbering employee around the Toho studios adept at lifting heavy pieces of equipment. He became nicknamed "Gajira" by some of the other employees, much as we might call him "Hulk."

Why not call the mammoth monster of the film "Gajira" too? From that now unknown person's suggestion a legend was born.

Godzilla is much like a dragon of old—flame breath and all





The name became translated into English as Godzilla. The English word still resembled "gorilla," although this scaly behemoth was clearly no primate. The "God-" prefix suggested an awesome being—overwhelming in size and power. The rest of the name "—zilla" suggested a lizard or member of the dinosaur family.

The first picture, known as *Godzilla, King of the Monsters*, as it appeared in the United States, was directed by Ishiro Honda, who would stay to direct the majority of the sequels in the feebled career of the screen's leading reptile.

Movie studios don't always realize they have a star on their hands. Godzilla himself was really enough to carry

his own picture, but studio heads thought it necessary to load up with "star appeal." For the American audience, scenes were introduced with Raymond Burr, often a screen heavy in both senses of the word, but one who would be discerned a leading man despite weighing more than the traditional slender hero. He went on to play Perry Mason, the valiant defense lawyer, on the TV series of that name for many years. And in 1985 he returned to both the Godzilla movies and to Perry Mason on TV with a new telemovie.

In both the original and current versions of *Godzilla*, Burr plays a newspaperman named Steve Martin. It has been suggested that perhaps

someday comic Steve Martin can play a newspaperman named Raymond Burr in some film. (It should be noted that the character name, Steve Martin, was invented before the actor of that name came to fame. Probably the name was inspired by that crusading representative of the press, Steve Wilson, the leading character in the long-running radio and TV series, *Big Town*.)

With the addition of Burr, the first in the reptilian series came to the United States as *Godzilla, King of the Monsters*. The movements of the lumbering green one were smooth, if not entirely convincing as those of a quadruped lizard. It was a guy in a suit, just as the gorilla in many low-budgeted pictures had been



Rotund Raymond Burr was added to American prints of Godzilla 1965 just as in the original. Will Perry Mason be able to get his crunching client off the hook for a sequel?

for years. Actor Haru Nakajima was inside the foam rubber creation of technician Ryosaku Takasugi. The human, Haru, appeared to be a towering monster compared to the well-crafted miniatures of trees, mountains and city buildings that were the work of special effects genius, Eiji Teuburaya. Teuburaya went back to the days of the silents. In the early years of the century, when in America Tom Mix was fighting Indians on screen and Lon Chaney Sr. was swinging from ball ropes as the Hunchback of Notre Dame, Japan was turning out its own silent "Hunchback" film, *Eamel-in no Samuski*. On that early picture and others, Teuburaya learned his skills at creating if you enjoyed this introduction, send \$5.95 for THE GODZILLA BOOK to: Movie Publishers Services, Inc., 8399 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Canoga Park, CA 91364.

miniature scenes of great destruction. In a full life (1901-1970) he capped his career with his work on the Godzilla series. The special effects were combined with Honda's unassuming, unintrusive direction to create a convincing screen image of the King of Monsters.

This storyline was typical of many of the low-budget horror films of the fifties. Something big and dangerous is on the loose. It was giant ants in *Them*, a giant lobster in the serial, *Panther Girl of the Congo*, and a giant fire-breathing dinosaur in *Godzilla*. Only in its technical achievements did the film rise above the rest of its type.



EMMY MINE



Screenwriter Ed Khouri, director Wolfgang Peterson and producer Stanley O'Toole

"We went through five more drafts. We had the first two-thirds of the script down pretty well, but we were always working on the ending. The problem there was that the original novelle was not structured for film. It has big gaps in time and essentially starts another story two-thirds of the way through. This is when Devidge takes the young Drec back to Drecon and has to deal with their prejudice against him. We just didn't have the money for that. I had to create a new ending where Zammis is kidnapped by gypay miners who use Drecons for slave labor. Davidge has to rescue him, and this leads to a new understanding between the two races. There was a good line in the film that got cut out, where Davidge's friends come to help him and run into a party of armed Drecons. The Drec who knows about Davidge and Zammis is about to shoot the friends when one holds his hands up and says 'Hold! I don't understand it completely either, but we're on your side now!' I also wanted to have a scene at the end where Davidge is shown on Drecon at Zammis' acceptance ceremony. To be officially accepted into Drecon society and become the head of your family line, you have to stand before the Council of Elders with your father. He introduces you by reciting your line's entire heritage. That's from the book and I wanted to make that a big scene, but it wound up as a matte painting because that's all

there was money for. That's as close to the Drec culture as we could afford to come.

"When I first talked to Berry Longyear, the author of the original novelle, about how to approach the material, he told me that the characters on the planet were bored, and the audience should share that boredom. You just can't do that! A producer I took a seminar under said that when he reads a script, he wants a reason to turn every page, and that's what I've tried to do with my scripts and the reason I started selling. You don't have to have action all the time, mind you, but you need at least a level of sustained tension. With *Emmy Mine*, I couldn't have slow spots. I had to get Jerbe and Davidge together on the planet fast, and have them learn things quickly, like each other's language, that would have taken months normally.

"I also had a different structure for the story than it is now. The film was actually shot to that structure then recut after an audience test back in late July—early August. The space burial sequence now two-thirds of the way into the film was actually meant to be the first scene of the movie. Davidge is found after three years on Fyrlene IV, but doesn't initially answer what he did there or how he survived. The story is initially told through flashback because I wanted to set up suspense by slowly uncovering what had hap-

pened to him. After the first public testing, Wolfgang decided that it wasn't right. I can see some of it, but I still think that's the best structure for the story. Plus I think they cut more out of the film than they should have. There's some stuff showing his relationship with his three friends aboard the battle station that I wish they would have kept in. I think it created a feeling in the first of the film that carried over to the ending. But I do think that the film has an epic grandeur and enormous emotional intensity to the two characters. That's what I wanted to do most and I think that got to the screen."

Part of the film's emotional intensity comes from events rare to cinematic science fiction—the birth and rearing of the baby Drec by Davidge. Not surprisingly, the married Khmara believes deeply in the importance of his family to his life and work.

"I think having a family did influence my work on this very much. There are enormous frustrations in this business. There are Goodies held out to you all the time, but an enormous price is always exacted for them. I think having a family helps because it helps you keep a balance. I participated in the birth of my children, and they're really the reason I plug away. I want to leave them something they'll be proud of."



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MONSTERAMA

PETER LORRE BY MARK L. SIELSKI

50 YEARS ago Charles Chaplin characterized him as "the greatest living actor on the screen today."

Alfred Hitchcock, who featured him in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, called him *The Lord High Minister of All That Is Sinister*.

Celle Lovsky (The Power, Soyient Graan, Ster Trek) was his first wife and last love and loved him beyond the grave. I saw a revival of *Mad Love* in her company and shortly before she died she gave me my choice of all her memorabilia of Peter Lorre. On the occasion of the half-century mark since the release of Lorre's remarkable remake of *The Hunch of Orlean* (Conrad Veidt's silent role) the following feature is dedicated to the memory of that sweet soul, Celle Lovsky-Lorre, as she would like to be remembered.—FJA

Born in Hungary on 26 June 1904, Patar Lorra was able to terrify audiences worldwide within the next three decades. His career would nearly cover the gamut of movie genres—horror, comedy, mystery and drama. He would be known to moviegoers (as he once referred to himself) as the man with a pair of soft-boiled eyes and badroom voice. Let it also be noted that in a glamour business like Hollywood, the studios' top stars are often tall, well built and handsome. However, Lorre, with his diminutive stature and spherical proportions, stood tall amongst the giants of the silver screen. Twenty-two years after Patar's death (24 March 1964) he still remains well-known and remembered. In this issue of *MONSTERLAND* we pay homage to Patar by remembering him in two great films: 1931's *M*—His first gracing of the cinema screen—and 1935's *Mad Love*—his first American movie and greatest role (as Dr. Gogol). A happy belated 50th anniversary, Patar, and you too, Dr. Gogol!

THE FEARED DIMENSION

In 1930, Austrian director Fritz Lang (creator of *Metropolis*) discovered Lorre at the Berlin People's Theatre and cast him in the film *M*—Garman for murderer, or murderer. However, it should be noted that Peter's entry into films was not an overnight occurrence. He endured years of struggle in Berlin and before that in Vienna. His trying times in Vienna, though, were to later accentuate his spectacular career. It was during the hardships in Vienna that the insights to his characterization of deviants were made. Influenced by his relationship with Sigmund Freud, Lorre developed a strong interest in psychiatry and psychoanalysis. He understood Freud's theories—that much of a person's behavior stems from unconscious processes, i.e., thought, fears and wishes that a person is unaware of. These innate impulses form during childhood but are repressed until they resurface later on in one's life, possibly in the form of neurotic illnesses. Lorre's knowledge of the human psyche gave him a special dimension to add to the demented characters he would portray; that dimension would be realism.



THE AWFUL ABYSS

Lorre's role in *M* was termed the performance of the decade by some critics. The script, written by Lang's wife Thaa Von Harbou (also of *Metropolis* fame), was based on a true event—the 1929 child murderer in Düsseldorf, Germany. One feels some sympathy for Lorre's character but the grotesqueness of the murderer's actions turn the viewer's feelings into towering flames of hatred. It is rumored that Lorre's authentic portrayal once caused an angry mob in Berlin to chase him down the street! The film's terror qualities excel





Peter Lorre as the child-killer in "M"

because Lang strives to suggest terror mentally rather than showing the physical brutality of the child murders. For instance, the murderer (Lorre) keeps the child victims' shoes in his closet. If one contemplates this perverse action, that of keeping one's victim's shoes, but even more so, the fact that they are children's, it is certainly more terrifying than any slashing in modern cinema gore. The murderer's actions are so horrible that even the mobsters join forces with the police in an effort to find him. The criminals eventually apprehend the murderer (Lorre) and hold a mock trial. This courtroom scene proves to be one of the most gripping in cinema history; pitting the barbaric criminals against each other. It is also a classic tale of "justice" reigning supreme through the triumphing of a lesser of two evils. Lorre's lines during the trial epitomize the unthinkable demented abyss of the men's mind. "I have no control over this evil thing inside me—the voices, the torment, I have to obey it. I have to run endless streets. I want to escape," still echo in many viewer's minds. Lorre had become an international star!

INT TOP 10 OF TERROR FANTAFILMS

With the rise of Nazism in Germany, Lorre emigrated to England and then to America. In 1935, MGM cast him as Dr. Gogol in Karl Freund's (*Metropolis* cameraman turned director) *Mad Love*. The supporting cast consisted of the charming and titillating Frances Drake and Colin Clive (alias Henry Frankenstein). Unfortunately, *Mad Love* has yet to be accepted by the populace of Monsterdom as one of Hollywood's best chillers. With its release in the 1970s, it appeared that the film would take its place alongside the classics such as *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and *The Phantom of the Opera*. Unfortunately it still remains a little-known film even though it is regarded by many as one of the top 10 fantasy films of all time.

SOUL TRANSPLANT

The story elaborates upon the macabre medical motif initiated by Hollywood in 1931's *Frankenstein*, where life was created from death. In *Mad Love*, the amputated limbs of one man are grafted onto another by reason of a crazed doctor's insane love for another man's wife. The story's horror lies not in the medical repulsion of grafting limbs (i.e. grafting the hands of Rollo the knife-thrower to the amputated hands of Stephen Orlac the concert pianist), rather it is in the thought of grafting human souls and the consequences suffered by the victim as well as the perpetrator who broke the laws of nature.

WAXING MADLY ENTHUSIASTIC

In *Mad Love*, Dr. Gogol attends Le Theatre des Horreur nightly in order to see the object of his infatuation, Yvonne Orlac (Frances Drake). When Gogol meets her after a performance, he learns that she has had her last curtain call, since she is leaving the stage to be with her husband Stephen (Colin Clive). Following this, Gogol's creeping mad love for Yvonne is now brought out. He offers some workmen who are removing a wax statue of Yvonne 100 francs for its possession. He rambles verbally to the workmen about the marble statue of Galeote (formed by the artist Pygmalion) which came to life after the creator fell in love with it. Towards the film's conclusion, Yvonne is examining Dr. Gogol's house in an attempt to clear her unjustly accused husband of murder (Gogol had actually committed the murder). While doing so, she accidentally knocks over the wax statue (of herself), destroying it. She quickly substitutes herself for the figure, and when Gogol enters the room, he notices that her face is bleeding. Grasping her, he exclaims, "Galeote! I am Pygmalion! You were wax but you came to life!" After Yvonne resists, he



exults, "She hates me—despises me! Each man should kill the thing he loves!" He then seemingly attempts to make love to her by strangling her with her own hair! This climactic ending (Gogol is subsequently killed by a knife in his back, thrown by Stephan Orlac) is overshadowed (can you believe it?) by one of fantasy film-dom's most terrifying sequences midway through the film.

BONE-CHILLING EXTREMES

The sequence in question is highly effective not for its immediate shock value (such as Chaney's unmaking in *The Phantom of the Opera*) but for the "double-edged razor" effect it provides. I am referring to Stephan Orlac's confrontation with Dr. Gogol (pretending to be the already executed Rollo the knife thrower). Orlac enters a room and is confronted by a cloaked figure (Gogol). Upon opening the cloak, the figure displays hands made of steel which glisten as they are touched by rays of light. The figure claims that his hands were removed and grafted onto Orlac. Although it is actually true, Orlac disclaims the validity of the statement since he knows Rollo is dead and that the figure must be lying. The figure claims that Dr. Gogol grafted his (Rollo's) guillotined head back onto his body. He then shows how the head is attached to the body—by means of a leather brace! After this initial shock, the viewer then realizes the bone-chilling extremes that Gogol is going to in order to drive Orlac insane. This nightmare effect created for audiences in 1935 may still be too strong 50 years later. It is rumored that Ferry Ackerman remembers that *Mad Lava's* original ending was too gruesome and subsequently had to be refilmed. It showed Gogol's head torn off and thrown from a bridge!

Dr. Gogol had paid the price (his death) for breaking the laws of nature. That which he created destroyed him, by means of a knife thrown by Stephan Orlac,

owner of Rollo the knife-thrower's hands. He served a just retribution for his hideous crime, that of giving a man two souls, Orlac the pianist and Rollo the knife-thrower. Both are together in one body until death, perhaps for all eternity!

TERRORS TRANSCENDING TIME

During the late stages of Patar's career, he once discussed terror and horror films. He stated, "There's a difference. I make a terror film. It's different to really horrify someone, like seeing someone who's distorted and disfigured—then to terrorize them, which is just to scare them." Of the many horror actors who have adamantly claimed that they make "terror films," i.e., Christopher Lee, Boris Karloff (forgive me) to name two, Lorre undisputedly was the most terrifying. His realistic portrayal of the human psyche brought fear into the minds of audiences. His terror was easily identifiable to moviegoers of the 1930s with real-life maniacs like Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini preparing to unleash their own brands of terror on the world. Lorre's child murderer in *M* and Dr. Gogol in *Mad Lava* are terrors which transcend time. Their frightening stories remain with us today. Modern audiences can identify with Lorre's type of terror too easily—we painfully recall the Atlanta Child Murders, New York's Son of Sam slayings, etc., of recent times. Lorre's chilling portrayals provide not only thrills but also valuable insight into the minds of madmen, reminding society that these unfortunate few need everyone's help. It is obvious by now that Pater Lorre was not the little monster I suggested he was—he was the mightiest terror of all Monsterland.



INVADERS FROM MARS

Continued from page 31

Based on that ancient Martian writing style, I was able to design their rooms, their implements and everything. Those hieroglyphs became our Rosetta Stone, and they made the rest of the designwork a lot easier."

The Martian hieroglyphs also provided Stout with the consistent style element he feels is essential to creating fine design. "I wanted a consistent design because I didn't want the Martian culture to appear as if we took a little of this and a little of that," says Stout. "When you study a culture, everything looks as if it was designed from a single frame of reference. You don't find dramatic departures very often. You won't find French provincial style chairs in an Egyptian tomb! I wanted everything in the film to look very Martian, as if one culture, one civilization from Mars, designed it all. Doing that makes it all seem more believable."

Having at last hit on the proper approach, Stout began to design the Supreme Intelligence chamber. This massive room appears to be a cross between an Egyptian temple and a Chinese ceremonial chamber—a deliberate choice on Stout's part. He felt that the Supreme Intelligence was more than just the Martian's leader, that he represented a religious symbol of the Martian culture. Consequently, his throne has elements of an altar, complete with incense burners on either side. Behind the throne/altar is a very oriental looking aperture, bearing greenish, stained-glass windows covered with hieroglyphs. It is from this portal that the Supreme Intelligence first appears, slithering down a ramp to his throne and startling the young hero. Even the chamber floor has its own design, based on the back of a cobra's head.

"I knew we had to have a floor there," Stout says, "so I thought; why not have a pattern on the floor? I remembered the cobra had tremendous symbology for the Egyptians, and the Supreme Intelligence had a snakelike body . . . besides, the strange design was just wonderful."

GROKING THE HARDWARE

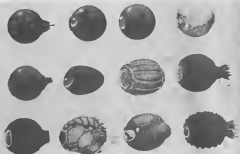
Stout's next task was to design the room in which human beings had mind-controlling needles inserted into the backs of their necks. "At one point," Stout recalls,

"I came up with this very organic machine with a slithering, mechanical tentacle. This evolved into something a bit more realistic. I liked the idea of this enormous machine that telescopes out to a very small needle to perform this delicate little job."

Stout's next design featured the little boy gazing at the nurse he loves through a translucent shield. She is subjected to the giant needle as she lies on a table at the far end of the room. "To be saw this," Stout explains, "and felt that it would be more dramatic if the needle was in the rear end of the room, directly overhead, instead of the far end." When the set was built, the table on which the victims lay was made from clear plastic so the camera could shoot straight up at the needle as it comes closer and closer!

Translucent, membranous structures play a prominent part in Stout's Martian architecture. The idea was suggested by two things: Brain Coral and a rare human skin disease that strongly resembles Brain Coral. One nice thing about using semipaque green windows throughout the ship is that it allows Hooper to create beautiful images of vaguely seen shapes. They move behind the glass, forming indistinct shadows.

Another recurring architectural motif in the Martian settings are tunnels, which appear throughout the spacecraft and underground. These tunnels run in unusual directions. "I thought just because we have tunnels that are in the ground doesn't mean that the Martians would' too," Stout reveals. "They could have them going up



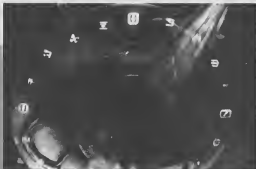
A variety of designs of weird Martian weapons done by William Stout for INVADERS FROM MARS.

through the ceiling or whatever, especially since this is supposed to be inside a spaceship. Once they're in space, where there is no up or down, the tunnels would be completely functional."

Stout sees the ship itself as a kind of huge fungus on the inside. Drones called tunnel diggers are sent out from the center core to excavate new passages. The Tunnel Digger resembles a giant screw with a head like a buzzsaw. "It's like a vast, mechanized whirling dervish," says Stout. "The head can detect itself from the screwlike mechanism and chase people through the tunnel maze." This menacing device is known as the Martian Blade. When the people it chases fall to the floor of a tunnel to avoid decapitation, the Blade settles into the tunnel's mouth, extending its teeth until they completely block the exit. "It looks great as a door!" Stout explains.

Stout created more designs for the Martian spaceship's exterior than for anything else in the film. Many of his designs were done before he and Hooper reached final decisions about the Martian style. Some of the early concepts include a flying wing, an organic looking vessel and a copper sphere with light spiraling around it.

"It was described as amorphous in the script," Stout remembers. It first appeared as a globular, copper colored ball that changed into a sphere that changed into a disk that changed into a spear that then hit the ground behind the sandpit. What I like about that concept is that it ex-



Martian hieroglyphics (left) by Stout and one way they were incorporated into the film (at right).

plains why UFOs look different to different people—because they can change shape. Then Tobe thought it would be neat to do almost the same thing, but to maintain a thread of consistency throughout the transformation. So the sphere remains constant, but everything behind it changes. Tobe next came up with the idea of an egg within an egg within an egg; a polished black egg-shaped ship with lights that wrap around it in rows, surrounded by little satellites, all encased within a membrane which is encased within another membrane. A variation on this is to have the thing appear as a sphere, but as it rotates we realize that it isn't really a sphere, but an elliptically shaped object that we have been looking at from the bottom.

"Then Tobe said, 'Maybe we're going at this the wrong way. Since both the kid and his father are amateur astronomers, what if they saw something they couldn't definitely pinpoint as a ship? Something that could be interpreted as a meteorological phenomenon or some strange natural phenomenon.'

"The final concept involves a sphere-shaped concentrated light that turns into an egg-shaped light surrounded by satellites, which converge into it. All around the ship, there's a slowly spiraling, spinning web of lightning that gradually gets focused through the tip of the ship. And that's what bores into the earth so the ship can descend underground."

Stout created nearly as many designs for the Martian weaponry as he did for their spacecraft. His early concepts echoed

those of the Menzies film, resembling blunderbusses and other Earth-type weapons. But Stout also created a few that were round and carbon-based looking. "Tobe was fascinated with the round ones," says Stout, "because they reminded him of bowling balls. I thought the round weapons were interesting because people are so used to seeing things that look like pistols and rifles, such as in *Star Wars*. These guys aren't from Earth, after all, they are from an entirely different culture.

"Then I considered making the weapon itself a living creature. I did some non-organic designs, but I was also influenced by sea anemones and insect larvae. I also did one that looked like it was made of bone.

"We settled on the sea anemone design. I thought it would be neat to have to put one's hand inside a living creature to operate the weapon. You had to put your hand in a place where there were all these tentacles, and they would grab onto you. This would make the little boy seem much braver, because how many people would do that?

"The top cracks open, like a mouth. These things feed on copper, so you insert a copper rod into this chewing gum-like mass. The energy that powers the weapon is caused by a synthesis between the creature digesting the copper and the energy it draws from your hand, which is inserted in its back. Once you put your hand in there, the tentacles grip your wrist, and it's really icky. The energy beam emerges through a clear eye in the front,

and it's powerful enough to burn tunnels through rock. Nobody's ever seen a weapon like this before!"

Stout's designs for the new invaders from Mars are all unlike anything anybody's ever seen before. Working in Menzies' shadow has been a thrilling, though risky, proposition from the start. As Stout became more and more enmeshed in his design work, he began to recognize the tremendous resemblances between himself and William Cameron Menzies. "It's really exciting for me because both Menzies and I have such similar backgrounds. Before he began designing motion pictures, he was a children's book illustrator with a lot of the same influences that influenced my children's book illustrations—except I was influenced fifty years later. I'm beginning to see that we were both trying to do similar things and that our storytelling is similar. I'm hoping we did justice to him with invaders from Mars."

After viewing these never-before-seen illustrations, *MONSTERLAND* readers can decide for themselves whether Menzies would have approved of Stout's work. Somehow, we feel he would.



FEARBOOK

Beauty and the Beast

PART TWO:

By Deborah Painter

JEAN COCTEAU is one of France's most famous screenwriter/directors. His 1946 *Beauty and the Beast*, produced by Andre Paulve for Discina Internationale Films, explored that "other realm" of the imagination so loved by the poetic mind of its director. Cocteau's script adhered to the emblems of the 16th century fairy tale upon which it was based. The result is a motion picture lovely and terrifying by turns, and dealing, as all classic fantasies do, with human drives and basic truths.

Makeup artist "Arekellian" recalled in an interview the arduous but fascinating task of turning handsome star Jean Marais into a hideous werewolf-like beast. Marais suffered for his art. His facial circulation was temporarily impaired because of the glue used to apply individual hairs; he did not wear a mask.

Technicians overcame the sparseness of a postwar economy and the limitations of black and white photography to create a work of art, utilizing some actual castles in Touraine and near Senlis, France. Critics and audiences around the world expressed great approval of the Gustave Dore chiaroscuro effect of the decor of the beastman's castle.

To quote Cocteau in his introduction, "'Let me say four magic words, the veritable 'open sesame' of childhood: Once upon a time...'"

"-BLOOD ALL OVER!"

As she strolls in the lovely garden the next morning, Beauty sees Beast and walks with him. He smiles for the first time. "You grant me a great privilege. When I see all your goodness, I scarcely dare to ask you the question which tortures and pains me."

"Ask it, I'll always answer the same way." She walks away for a pace, then turns to face him. "Beast, let us be friends. What do you do all day long? — Beast, are you listening to me?"

He sniffs at a distant deer, and stifles a growl. She believes her question has been answered.

That evening the kind hearted maiden sees a panting Beast crouched at the spring, and feeds him water from her hands. He gives voice to her unexpressed desire to be far from the castle and from him.

"Beast, my father is ill," she tells him then.

Much later that night, as she plays a music box for relaxation before retiring, horrible ripping sounds come to her ears, and the Beast tears through the hallway. She calls out, startled. He stands before her, his clothes in shreds, his paws smoking as though they had been afire. There is a wildness in his eyes, as if he is intoxicated with some mad passion.

"There's blood all over you!" she cries.

He seems to regain his senses. "Excuse me — forgive me for being an animal."

She is unruffled. "Clean yourself up and go to bed!"

He shrinks from her gaze. "Close your door! Your eyes are burning me — I can't bear your eyes!"

Gasping, she slams the door tightly shut.

Fade-in to the Merchant's home, where Ludovic

ANDRÉ PAULVE

UN FILM DE

Jean Cocteau



JEAN MARAIS
JOSETTE DAY

la BELLE et la BÊTE

PRODUCTION: "ARCADES" - "LE FILM DU JOUR" - JEAN COCTEAU ADAPTE D'UN ROMAN DE JEAN MARAIS - SCÉNARIO: JEAN COCTEAU

CRISTIAN BERARD

MILA PAREZ, YANE GERMAIN, MICHEL AUCLAIR, MARCEL ANDRÉ

COEUR DE LION: GILBERT - AVEC GEORGES AUDIC - MUSIQUE DE ENRIET BARBER

UNE SUPERPRODUCTION ANDRÉ PAULVE

and Avenir listlessly play cards on a table which is being lifted and carried off by repossessors even as they attempt to conduct their game. Only the bed will be allowed to remain for the poor sick Marchant.

At the chateau in the magic forest, Beauty scolds the Beast for lateness to the supper table, then falls to her knees, begging him to let her see her dying father.

"I am the one to kneel and take your orders, Beauty. On your return will you be my wife?"

"You're killing me!"

"But I shall die if you go away, never to return," he insists. At last, he shows her to a window in this castle which looks out over a patch of forest and a hunting lodge which she has not noticed before. "Below is Diana's lodge," he says to her. "All that I possess, I possess by magic, but my true wealth is in there." He hands her a golden key.

"I know your soul, Beauty. This key will be the pledge of your return. You need only put this black glove on your right hand, to go where you wish to be." She pulls on the glove and is at her father's house in an instant.

Her overjoyed father brightens immediately at the sight of his daughter, whom he thought long dead. She tells him of the luxury of the chateau and of the self-condemning Beast, torn as he is between his two natures.

"Don't tell me you consent to live with this monster!"

"I must. I'd be committing a crime toward him and you if I did not. I would be happy if I came to make him forget his deformity."

She sheds a tear for the Beast... and it turns into a diamond! Two more form as they tumble from her

eyes. "He is giving them to you, father. Don't tell my sisters. They'd only devise a way to get the jewels from you."

BEAUTY'S PLEDGE IS BROKEN

The two women whose integrity is being questioned are at this moment bickering with Ludovic and Avenant as the boys till the vegetable garden. Beauty comes to greet them, and all are amazed to see her in her beautiful gown. Resentment quickly wells up inside her sisters because they, not she, are now wearing the garb of plain working women.

"Beauty? That's impossible! Yes!" They cry excitedly. Ludovic rushes to kiss and hug his sister and Avenant takes her hand reverently.

When Felicie admires the pearl necklace which the beast gave her, Beauty gives it to her without a moment's hesitation... but it magically turns to a charred rope when she touches it. Upon the ground, the necklace is pearl again. "Witchcraft!" one of the girls mutters.

Ludovic and Avenant ask Beauty about the palace of the Beast, and she innocently volunteers some information about his treasure. She does not think it will do any harm. After all, even she is unsure about the location of his chateau in the wood.

Avenant and his friend meet at the smoke-filled tavern one night soon after Beauty's arrival to formulate a plan. "We both agree that we cannot let Beauty return to the Beast. We must kill him," Avenant asserts.

"Yes, and take his riches, but what of his magic?"

"Ludovic, we have no choice. Flatter your sisters. They can keep her from leaving. Talk up the treasure."

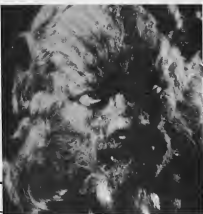
Felicie and Adelaide rub their eyes with onions ripening in the shed. "All of Ludovic's ideas are silly!" She'll smell these for sure, Felicie," says Adelaide.

"She's a crumb-scullion herself, Adelaide, too stupid to notice."

As Beauty bids her tether farewell on the morning of her departure, her sisters go into their act. "Oh, Beauty, we didn't realize before how much we loved you! Please stay just a few days more!" cries Adelaide. During all the frenzied bawling and shedding of tears into handkerchiefs, Felicie slips a hand into Beauty's pocket and relieves her of the golden key.

The following morning sees a sad Beauty again wearing her handmaiden garb and dominated by her sisters. Felicie and Adelaide are quite satisfied with the return to the old status quo.

Avenant discovers Beauty in the garden weeping. Again he proposes marriage, and volunteers to kill the



beast-man who has her bound, if she will tell him the secret which lets her meet him.

She touches his hand but remains silent.

"Well, let me tell you something. This monster is not suffering. If he suffered as I do, he'd steal here to meet you. He has forgotten you, Beauty," the youth asserts.

In reality, quite the opposite is true. Sculptured women smile at the beast as, back at Beauty's apartment, he puts about and touches her belongings.

Ludovic, Avenant and Beauty's scheming sisters meet in the Merchant stable the next day. There they furtively prepare weapons and provisions for the trip to the chateau. "But we still don't know how Beauty travels," Avenant complains.

A thump of horse's hooves outside gives them all pause. Avenant sees a prancing white gelding through a chink in the stable door. "It's Magnifique, I'm sure."

"Heaven has sent me."

"Hell has."

Avenant quists them all and brings the fully tacked up horse inside. Adelaide notices a sack attached to the richly-appointed saddle. "What's this? If it were gold, I'd only have to touch it to make it turn into straw."

Avenant opens the parcel and reveals a mirror. After some difficulty, the men recall the command and utter the phrase to Magnifique. He tosses his white mane and all three vanish.

Back at the house the sisters take turns with the mirror. Now grown silent, it nevertheless reflects for them as they reflect for it. Adelaide looks into the glass to primp and sees a wizened hag in identical attire. Felicie is greeted by a monkey's muzzle when she has her turn. "Here, Beauty," says she, handing it to the girl in disgust. In the mirror Beauty encounters first her own comely face, then that of the Beast. He is heart-broken.

Beauty seizes the glove. Her outline vanishes. At the chateau, she feels for the key in her dress pocket. It is missing! She vanishes once more. Tossing the glove on the table back home, Beauty looks about frantically in her room for the golden key. At last, frustrated, she collapses on the bed. The magic mirror flies into shards before her.

"Good heavens!" Beauty exclaims as she slips the glove upon her hand again.



DEATH AND TRANSMOGRIFICATION

It is night. Beauty flies from room to gloomy room in the castle, calling for her Beast. She finds him lying beside a pond and being picked at by ewans as though already a carcass.

"My Beast! Answer me! Forgive me! I was—I was the monster, my Beast! Get hold of yourself! Hook your claws into life. Stand up! Terrify death itself!"

"Beauty," he groans, "If I were a man I would do all of these things... but poor animals who want to prove their love know only how to lie down and die."

"No!" is her cry, and she lies upon his furred chest as though to hold in his departing soul.

Meanwhile, Avenant and his companion have decided not to use the golden key but instead to enter Diana's treasure lodge via a more circuitous route in case of booby traps. Climbing a tree, they gaze down upon a glass skylight. It is the only thing separating them from a fabulous assortment of gems, guarded only by Diana's mute statue. Avenant breaks the glass. As Ludovic helps him down into the room containing the treasure, Diana's figure comes suddenly to life. The huntress lets fly an arrow which pierces Avenant's spine, killing him instantly. The man's face becomes the Beast's; the Beast's turns into Avenant's. And as a high wind stirs up, the body of the leonine creature takes on a strange glow.

Beauty sees none of these changes as she leans against the paw which has become a man's hand. Suddenly

she pulls back. A handsome prince in a satin cloak bows before her.

"Avenant?" says she, bewildered.

"The Beast is no more. I was he. My parents didn't believe in fairies, so the fairies punished them through me. I could only be saved by the look of love."

She remains puzzled and he continues. "Love can make a man a Beast. Love can also make an ugly man handsome. What's the matter, Beauty? You look as though you miss my hideous face."

"It's not that, Sir. But you look like someone I've known... a friend of my brother's."

"You loved him?"

"Yes."

"You said so?"

"No."

"But you did love the Beast?"

"Yes."

Smiling, the prince lifts her up and carries her past a quarry. He unfastens his cloak and they lie upon it on the ground. He draws Beauty to him, and she snuggles happily on his shoulder. "I am taking you to my kingdom. You're not afraid?" he asks her.

Again she smiles. "I like to be afraid... with you."

A high wind then lifts the lovers magically into the clouds and carries them to that wondrous land where all women are queens and all men are kings.



AN INVITATION FROM JON PERTWEE— COME TO THE CABARET

A NEW APPROACH TO CONVENTION ENTERTAINMENT



By Jon Pertwee and Jean Alrey

To most Americans, the term "cabaret" speaks of sleaze. The movie of the same name may have effected the image of the word for a long time to come! But since November of 1983, "cabaret" has been performed at many Doctor Who conventions—and it's not like the movie at all.

Cabaret is a French word and it actually originated in France. It's an entertainment performed at night. It's either in a nightclub or a "nightclub for a night." By that I mean you could have a private dinner in a room and then a cabaret—entertainment—afterward.

The original French cabarets are usually like your revues, the Lido Cabaret or the Folies Bergères. It is a place where you sit and eat a meal and then you see an entertainment—and that comes under the heading of cabaret.

It was also used in Germany in the '30s. That is when you got that very sleazy, very strange, bitter, twisted, queer in every sense of the word attitude toward cabaret. It was very satirical, very biting, very edgy.

But cabaret now is any sort of entertainment at a house or a restaurant—eating good food and wine. There are famous restaurants like the Grill Room at the Savoy. There used to be the Café de Paris in London where Marlene Dietrich and Jon Pertwee would play in cabaret!

That sort of work is done in a very vulgar way in the north of England in nightclubs. But that is a very blue—by blue I mean vulgar, rude, in the true sense of the word, material and this also gives it a sleazy reputation. But the cabaret itself is not.

Now I used to work in music hall. What you call vaudeville. When I was on radio—radio stars used to travel and work in the music halls. When the music hall died as it did just after the war, a lot of the artists like myself adapted their acts and put them into cabaret. Just as a juggler would adapt his act to the cabaret floor, I adapted my much broader act from the music hall to the cabaret scene. My act is involved with satire, songs, storytelling, as a raconteur, which is what I basically am. I did cabaret for a great many years, traveling all over the world—places like Kenya in Africa. I'd play in a nightclub in Nairobi for a season of 4 weeks and then I would go to different towns all over Kenya.

All kinds of entertainment can be included in a cabaret. Vegas in a way is a sort of cabaret. A cabaret is whatever you want to make it.

I can't do what I do in a more sophisticated cabaret in the shows I do at the Doctor Who conventions. It's a completely different kind of audience. Normally it's a riot because everyone is pleased to see you and you're a friend. Usually by the time I've started the cabaret I'll already have met people

for 2 or 3 days. I've got to know people and they know me. So it's not like walking into a nightclub and seeing you for the first time. They're more relaxed and they're with people that they know and like. So it's very much of a jolly. I started this whole thing. I said to Norm Rubenstein (organizer of the Spirit of Light Shows), that I'd do a show in the evening but I'd need somebody to back me up and so that's how it all started.

And get started it has. At that first cabaret in Chicago, actors from Doctor Who, most of whom had never done a cabaret before—put together little acts to provide an appropriate polished lead-in for my "headliner" performance. And the fans loved every minute of it.

Other cabarets have seen not-so-polished performers emerge. In Buffalo, when the piano was unavailable, fan performers provided most of the material. And in Austin, TX all of the lead-in material was "amateur."

If you do catch a cabaret with other "stars" performing, be prepared for some surprises. John Nathan Turner singing a slightly different—Hawaiian song is not particularly shocking (You're supposed to be over 18 to be attending anyway), but doing an old vaudeville routine with Colin Baker? Or seeing the two maniacs Frazer Hines and Mark Strickson suddenly become infected with writing folksongs and coming up with a version of "Old MacDonald's Farm" that no fan could have thought of. Richard Franklin might sing dressed up as a little boy and in drag (not at the same time!), Ian Marter and Nick Courtney could turn up in a skit—that Ian has written. Peter Davison will usually sing and play guitar. If JNT and Janet Fielding are both there, you can count on a "duet" duet—as in "Anything you can do." Eric Hoffman will be singing, leading singing and playing the piano. And, of course, for the greatest fun of all, you might see Jon Pertwee—mugging, clowning, mocking musical ability, singing old songs and new folks—telling stories and jokes in "character" and in "accent" and thoroughly sweeping the audience along.

It looks as though cabaret is around to stay.

But there are other things that should be done at conventions, one being an evening of light verse. It's one of the most popular things I do when I'm traveling around the world on cruise boats. I read comic verse from all over the world—and that's the kind of thing I'd like to do at a DW conference at one time or another.

A note to convention organizers: Take Jon up on his offer! The man who brought the cabaret has a few other tricks as well!





THE

KILLBOTS

By Ron Magid

ARE COMING!
REALLY



ust imagine. Sometime in the near future, one of the largest shopping malls in the United States decides human security guards are obsolete. Steel doors are installed to seal the mall, like a tomb, from midnight until dawn. Robot sentries, armed with an arsenal of lethal weaponry, patrol the aisles, ever on the alert for prowlers.

Now, suppose a group of young kids, ignorant of the presence of the biomechanical sentries, throw a wild party in one of the shops after closing time on a stormy night. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning sends an unexpected power surge through the wires, damaging the central computer which controls the robots. The sentries, ungoverned by reason, begin working on their own instincts. Of course, they go after our youthful partygoers, determined not to detain but to kill. And we're off! With three destroyer machines chasing them through the mall, our heroes' only hope is to battle their way to the computer room and pull the plug. Only they don't know where the room is located!

The man who directed and co-wrote this grisly scenario is none other than Jim Wynorski, who previously gave us *The Last Empire*. This time he promises fans a new kind of horror, the Killbots. "It's an interesting movie," Wynorski says. "What would you do if you were trapped in a mall with killer robots on your tail? How would you survive? Frankly, when we were writing the script, we kept asking ourselves where we would hide, if bullets can't stop them, how are we going to get rid of the robots?"

We can all relate to the fear of being trapped in a mall. This identification factor, coupled with the horrific robot designs, leads Wynorski to feel that Killbots will appeal to kids of all ages. "Kids will really enjoy it because of the robots," he says. "They have characters all their own. They're certainly not R2D2 types, but they do have personalities. They're going to make a big splash when they hit the screens!"

COMIC KILLERS

Indeed, the design of the Killbots is most intriguing. The original concept was developed by Wynorski's co-writer, an author and illustrator for Marvel Comics named Steve Mitchell. The drawing, according to Wynorski, "looked like Darth Vader on a Sherman tank!" As soon as the script was approved by Julie Coman, Wynorski approached Bob Short, the man responsible for ET's heartlight and Ceecee's dolphins, about constructing the Killbots. "We knew that it would take awhile to create and build the robots. Actually, it took quite a long time because our robots do a lot of different things," Wynorski explains. "Our robots are equipped with laser guns in their head modules which they can use in case of earthquake or fire to cut through debris. When they go berserk, they use these lasers on the kids instead. They also come with sleeping dart guns, tasers and grappling hooks. They move at about 20 miles per hour. Each of these functions was operated by a remote control which a computer could run. The three robots we had built had four arms, each of which can extend eight feet on either side. I'm sure this feature will be compared to Freddy's weaponry in *Nightmare on Elm Street*, but these are mechanical hands.

Our robots have the most modern up-to-date gadgets Bob Short and company could find to make them as menacing as possible. The sort of things we didn't equip them with were flame throwers, which we felt wouldn't be logical for a mall robot to carry, if they existed."

The funny thing is that they do exist! Killbots was barely halfway through production when an article appeared detailing the invention of a robot entry to guard prisons. Unfortunately, industrial design can never seem to keep pace with film production design, as Wynorski explains: "their design looked like a rolling Maytag washer and dryer combined. It didn't have any arms. It had no appeal. We wanted to make our killbotes look a little more fun. I

think they turned out kind of neat, like a cross between a Japanese robot and a Ferrari."

Wynorski found his "sport robot" didn't handle quite as well as their Italian counterpart—especially with an inexperienced driver at the controls. When "Good Ol' Drun' Driver Wynorski," as he sometimes refers to himself, picked up the controls for the first time, things got a little out of hand. "It looked like an easy situation because the control box looked like one of those arcade games you put a quarter in which I played with when I was a kid. But the Killbotes were very sophisticated pieces of equipment, and they come up to speed real quick. So, I'm on the joystick and I push the control buttons, and the Killbot suddenly kicks into gear, swings around at full speed and hits a metal post which shears the head right off the robot. Three cameras were running, and the head just came flying off. We couldn't use the scene, and the Killbot was down for quite awhile. The Killbotes look indestructible in the film, but in reality they were very delicate."

They may have seemed delicate to Wynorski when he was behind the controls, but the Killbots had their revenge. They were able to give the director a taste of his own medicine and a sense of what he was putting his characters through in the film.

"Since they were remote controlled, the Killbots were a little tough to handle at first because they would get signals from other sources. If someone was in Radio Shack, for example, and happened to change a television station, the Killbots would do something unexpected. At one point, I was standing in front of one of the Killbots and it just started up. It almost ran me down! I was standing about four or five feet away from one of them when I heard a noise, and suddenly it was bearing on me at full speed! I stepped aside real fast, and the robot wrangler rushed over and was able to turn it off. After that, we made sure that when the robots were idle, they

T S





Jim Wynorski with cast and crew from *KILBOTS*.

couldn't suddenly come to life. But the incident was good for morale. The Kilbot chasing the director got big laughs!"

MAULING MALLS

A huge mall after closing time becomes an unfamiliar place—silent, eerie and full of menacing shadows. "Just before we'd begin to work, we'd eat a meal at one of the snackbars. The place would be loaded with shoppers," Wynorski recalls, "but by 3:00 in the morning, the mall would be so empty you could hear a pin (or rivet) drop. Going into the middle of the mall at night, with absolutely no else in that huge, cavernous place, was scary. It turned into a completely different world, very ominous, dark and moody. The only other horror movie with mall sequences, *Dawn of the Dead*, is one of my favorite pictures. I know we'll be compared to it because we use a mall, but that was a prerequisite for getting the movie made.

"There are, however, a few things we unintentionally borrowed from other films," Wynorski admits. If you saw *The Last Empire*, then you know that no Jim Wynorski production would be complete without countless references to other movies. Most of the store names were inspired by film titles, and Wynorski's cast seems chosen practically as an homage to Roger Corman and his New World Pictures: Dick Miller and Garrett Graham play guest victims, while a certain odd couple run a strange restaurant. "Paul Bartel and Mary Woronov actually play the Blands from *Eating Raoul*," Wynorski explains. "They play two restaurant owners, and wear nemetags identifying them as Blands."

Other surprises in store for wary watchers include a glimpse of Corman's *Attack of the Crab Monsters* on a tv set, and some odd shops stocked with very unusual merchandise. For example, a sporting goods store named Peckinpah's. "This is a sporting goods store that only Sam Peckinpah

would've run," laughs Wynorski. "It's got M-16s, gas bombs for camping, crossbows, bowie knives, shotguns, magnums—everything you could possibly want for a mass slaughter. They've got the works. We also have a pet store sequence in which the lead heroine (Kelly Moroni from *Night of the Comet*) runs in to avoid a Kilbot and finds herself inundated with tarantulas, snakes and scorpions. The name of that store is Roger's Little Shop of Pets!"

Wynorski, obviously, is a guy who retains a sense of fun about filmmaking. "I'm still as immature as ever," he laughs, "and I still have a young feeling about these things. I do have a certain soft spot for sci-fi and horror films because I can do crazy things with them. I'd like to go on to other types of pictures, but I wouldn't mind staying with fantasy films for a long time to come."





